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HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

It was hard, it was bitter, that another should step in and claim the perfected man. She had been lulled into the belief that now she would have him all her own till the end of her days. But it was not to be. Her sense of justice was evenly balanced; her son had the same right that his father had; it was natural that he should desire a mate and a home of his own; but, nevertheless, it was bitter. That his choice had been an actress caused her no alarm. Her son was a gentleman; he would never marry beneath him; it was love, not infatuation; and love is never love unless it can find something noble and good to rest upon. It was not the actress, no; the one great reiterating question was: Did this brilliant woman love her son? Was it the man or his money. She had gone to New York to meet Miss Challoner. She had steeled her heart against all those subtle advances, such as an actress knows how to make. She had gone to conquer, but had been conquered. For when Kate Challoner determined to charm she was not to be resisted. She had gone up to the mother and daughter and put her arms around them. "I knew that I should love you both. How could I help it? And please be kind to me; God has been good in giving me your son." Ah, if she had only said: "I shall love you because I love him!" But there was doubt, haunting doubt. If the glamour of married life wore out, and the craving for publicity returned, this woman might easily wreck her son's life and the lives of those who loved him.

She was very glad when the service came to an end and the stir and rustle announced the departure of the congregation.

At the door she found Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene. She rather expected to find her. They were enemies of old.

"Shall I congratulate you?" asked the formidable person.

Many of the congregation stopped. They hadn't the courage of Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene, but they lacked none of her curiosity.

"You may, indeed," returned Mrs. Bennington serenely. She understood perfectly well, but she was an old hand at woman's war. "My son is very fortunate. I shall love my new daughter dearly, for she loves my son."

"She is just splendid!" said Patty, with sparkling eyes. How she longed to scratch the powder from Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene's peak-like nose! Busybody, meddler! "I never suspected John had such good sense."

"You are very fortunate," said Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene. She smiled, nodded, and passed on into the street. A truce!

Mr. Franklyn-Haldene, as he entered after his wife, savagely bit off the end of a cigar.

"What the devil's the matter with you women anyhow?" he demanded.

"Franklyn!"

"Why couldn't you leave her alone? You're all a pack of buzzards, waiting for some heart to peck at. Church!—bah!"

It was only on rare occasions that Mr. Franklyn-Haldene voiced his sentiments. On these occasions Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene rarely spoke. There was a man in her husband she had no desire to rouse. Mr. Haldene was the exception referred to; he was not afraid of his wife.

They rode home in silence. As they passed the Warrington place, Mr. Haldene again spoke.

"Warrington is home over Sunday. Saw him on horseback this morning."

"There's one thing I'm thankful for: the wedding will not be in Herculaneum."

"Humph!"

"It's disgusting, and we shall have to receive her. But I do not envy her lot."

"Neither do I," said Haldene. "You women have already mapped out a nice little hell for her. Why should you be so vindictive simply because she is an actress? If she is good and honest, what the deuce?"

"There's no use arguing with you."

"I glad you've found that out. You'd find out lots of other things if you stayed home long enough. I shall treat the woman decently."

"I dare say all you men will."

"And you, Madam, shall be among the first to call on her. Mind that!"

She looked at the man pityingly. Men never understood. Call on her? Of course, she would call on her. For how could she make the woman unhappy if she did not call on her?

CHAPTER V.

Every city has its Fifth avenue. That which we can not have as our own we strive to imitate. Animal and vegetable life simply reproduces itself; humanity does more than that, it imitates. Williams street was the Fifth avenue of Herculaneum. It was broad, handsome, and climbed a hill of easy incline. It was a street of which any city might be justly proud. Only two or three houses jarred the artistic sense. These were built by men who grew rich so suddenly and unexpectedly that their sense of the grotesque became abnormal. It is an interesting fact to note that the children of this class become immediately seized with a species of insanity, an insanity which urges them on the one hand to buy newspapers with dollar bills, and on the other to treat their parents with scant respect. Sudden riches have, it would seem, but two generations; the parent who accumulates and the son who spends.

The Warrington home (manor was applied to but few houses in town) stood back from the street two hundred feet or more, on a beautiful natural terrace. The lawn was wide and crisp and green, and the oak trees were the envy of many. The house itself had been built by one of the early settlers, and Warrington had admired it since boyhood. It was wood, white, with green blinds and wide verandas, pillared after the colonial style. Warrington had purchased it on a bank foreclosure, and rather cheaply, considering the location. The interior was simple but rich. The great fireplace was made of old Roman bricks; there were exquisite paintings and marbles and rugs and china, and books and books. Very few persons in Herculaneum had been inside, but these few circulated the report that the old house had the handsomest interior in town. Straightway Warrington's income became four times as large as it really was.

The old man and the "girl" kept the house scrupulously clean, for there was no knowing when Richard might take it into his head to come home. The "girl's" husband took care of the stables and exercised the horses. And all went very well.

Warrington seldom went to church. It was not because he was without belief; there was a strong leaven of faith underlying his syniciism. Frankly, sermons bored him. It was so easy for his imaginative mind to reach out and take the thought from the preacher's mouth before he uttered it. Thus, there was never any suspense, and suspense in sermons, as in books and plays, is the only thing that holds captive our interest.

So he stayed at home and read the Sunday papers. That part not devoted to society and foreign news was given up wholly to local politics. Both the Democratic and Republican parties were in bad odor. In the common council they were giving away street railway franchises; gambling dens flourished undisturbed, and saloons closed only when some member of the saloonkeeper's family died. The anti-gambling league had succeeded in suppressing the slot machines for a fortnight; this was the only triumph virtue could mark down for herself. There were reformers in plenty, but their inordinate love of publicity ruined the effectiveness of their work. A brass band will not move the criminal half so quickly as a sudden pull at the scruff of his neck. So the evildoer lay low, or borrowed the most convenient halo and posed as a deeply-wronged man. Warrington, as he read, smiled in contempt. They had only one real man in town, scoundrel though he was. There are certain phases of villainy that compel our admiration, and the villainy of McQuade was of this order. The newspapers were evidently subsidized, for their clamor was half-hearted and hypocritical. Once or twice Warrington felt a sudden longing to take off his coat and get into the fight, but the impulse was transitory. He realized that he loved ease and comfort too well.

Finally he tossed aside the sheets and signaled to the dog. It was a bull terrier, old and scarred, and unchanging in his affection. He loved this master of his, even if he saw him but once a year. They understood each other perfectly. He was a peace-loving animal, but he was a fighter at times—like his master. He had a beautiful head, broad punishing jaws, and, for all his age, he had not run to fat, which is the ignominious end of all athletes, men or dogs.

"Old boy, this is a jolly bad world."

Jove wagged his stump of a tail.

"We should all be thieves if it were not for publicity and jail."

Jove coughed deprecatingly. Perhaps he recollected purloined haunches of aforetime.

"Sometimes I've half a mind to pack up and light out to the woods, and never look at a human being again."

Jove thought this would be fine; his tail said so.

"But I'm like a man at a good play. I've simply got to stay and see how it ends, for the great Dramatist has me guessing."

Warrington stared into kind brown eyes and pulled the ragged ears. There was a kind of guilt in the old dog's eyes, for dogs have consciences. If only he dared tell his master! There was somebody else now. True, this somebody else would never take the master's place; but what was a poor dog to do when he was lonesome and never laid eyes on his master for months and months? Nobody paid much attention to him in this house when the master was away. He respected aunty (who had the spinster's foolish aversion to dogs and the incomprehensible affection for cats!) and for this reason never molested her supercilious Angora cat. Could he be blamed if he sought (and found) elsewhere affection and confidence? Why, these morning rides were as good as a bone. She talked to him, told him her secrets (secrets he swore on a dog's bible never to reveal!) and desires, and fed him chicken, and cuddled him. There were times when he realized that old age was upon him; some of these canters left him breathless and groggy.

"I've been thinking, boy," the master's voice went on. "New York isn't so much, after all. I wasn't city born, and there are times when the flowing gold of the fields and the cool woods call. Bah! There's nothing now to hold me anywhere. I hope she'll make him happy; she can do it if she tries. Heigh-ho! the ride this morning has made me sleepy. To your rug, boy, to your rug."

Warrington stretched himself on the lounge and fell asleep. And thus the aunt found him on her return from church. She hated to wake him, but she simply could not hold back the news till luncheon. She touched his arm, and he woke with the same smile that had dimpled his cheeks when he was a babe in her arms. Those of us who have retained the good disposition of youth never scowl upon being awakened.

"Aha," he cried, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"Richard, I wish you had gone to church this morning."

"And watched the gossips and scandal-mongers twist their barbs in Mrs. Bennington's heart? Hardly."

She gazed at him, nonplussed. There was surely something uncanny in this boy, who always seemed to know what people were doing, had done or were going to do.

"I wouldn't have believed it of my congregation," she said.

"Oh, Mrs. Bennington is a woman of the world; she understands how to make barbs harmless. But that's why I never go to church. It doesn't soothe me as it ought to; I fall too easily into the habit of pulling my neighbor's mind into pieces. Gossip and wedding and funerals; your reputation in shreds, your best girl married, your best friend dead. I find myself nearer heaven when I'm alone in the fields. But I've been thinking, aunty."

"About what?"

"About coming home to stay."

"Oh, Richard, if you would!" sitting beside him and folding him in her arms. "I'm so lonely. There's only you and I; all the others I've loved are asleep on the hill. Do come home, Richard; you're all I have."

"I'm thinking it over."

Here the angora came in cautiously. She saw Jove and the dog saw her; fur and hair bristled. Jove looked at his master beseechingly—"Say the word, Dick, say the word, and I'll give you an entertainment." But the word did not come.

"There's your church-goers, aunty; always ready to fly at each other. In order to study humanity thoroughly, one must first learn the ways of the beast."

"I'm afraid your dog's a traitor."

"A traitor?"

"Yes. Half the time he runs over to the Benningtons' and stays all night. I don't see why he should."

"Maybe they pet him over there. Perhaps he wants a hand sometimes, just like human beings when they're lonely. If you petted him once in a while, one pat for every ten you give the cat, the old boy would be tickled to death."

"But I'm kind to him, Richard; he has the best meat I can buy. I'd pet him, too, but I'm afraid of him. I'm always afraid of dogs. Besides, his feet are alwayst muddy and his hair falls out and sticks to everything."

"Who is his latest love?"

"Patty Bennington. They go out riding together. I can always tell, for his stomach is invariably caked with dried mud."

"Patty Bennington? The old dog shows good taste. And I had forgotten all about Bennigton's having a sister. I was thunderstruck when I met her the other week in New York. I had really forgotten her. She is charming."

"She is a dear young girl. Ah, Richard, if only you would find some one like her."

"Marriages are made in Heaven, Aunt, and I'm going to wait till I get there. But I'll think it over about coming home to stay."

"I'll be so happy!" the old lady cried. "I'm going right out into the kitchen myself and make one of those cherry pies you used to rave over."

She disappeared, and Warrington laughed, rose and stretched the sleep from his arms and legs, and went up stairs to dress. Yes, he would think it over. There was nothing to hold him in New York, nothing but the craving for noise and late hours. Why not settle down here? There would be plenty to do. Besides, if he lived in Herculaneum he could run over to the Bennington home at any time of day. His cheeks flushed of a sudden.

"Hang it, am I lying to myself about that girl? Is it the knowledge that she'll be my neighbor that inclines me to live here? I know I shall miss her if I stay in New York; I'm honest enough to admit that. God knows I've nothing but honor in my heart for her. Why, I wouldn't even kiss her hand without old Jack's consent. Well, well; the scene in the church Wednesday will solve all doubts—if I have any."

The Sunday luncheon passed uneventfully. The aunt said nothing more about his coming home to stay. She knew her boy; urging would do more harm than good; so she left him to decide freely.

"Is the pie good, Richard?" she asked.

"Fine! Can you spare me another piece?"

"I'm glad you'll never be too proud to eat pie," she returned.

"Not even when it's humble," laughed Warrington.

"There are some folks roundabout who do not think pie is proper," seriously.

"Not proper? Tommyrot! Pie is an institution; it is as unassailable as the Constitution of the country. I do not speak of the human constitution. There are some folks so purse-proud that they call pies tarts."

She looked askance at him. There were times when she wasn't quite sure of this boys of hers. He might be serious, and then again he might be quietly laughing. But she saw, with satisfaction, that the pie disappeared.

"The world, Richard, isn't what it was in my time."

"I dare say it isn't, Aunty; yet cherries are just as good as ever and June as beautiful. It isn't the world, Aunt o' mine; it's the plaguy people. Those who stay away from church ought to go, and those who go ought to stay away. I'm going down to the club this afternoon. I shall dine there, and later look up the Benningtons. So don't keep dinner waiting for me."

"Cheer her up, Richard; she needs cheering. It's been a blow to her to lose her boy. If you'd only get married, too, Richard, I could die content. What in the world shall you do when I am gone?"

"Heaven knows!" The thought of losing this dear old soul gave a serious tone to his voice. He kissed her on the cheek and went out into the hall. Jove came waltzing after him. "Humph! What do you want, sir? Want to go out with me, eh? Very well, but you must promise to behave yourself. I'll have you talking to no poor-dog trash, mind." Jove promised unutterable things. "Come on, then."

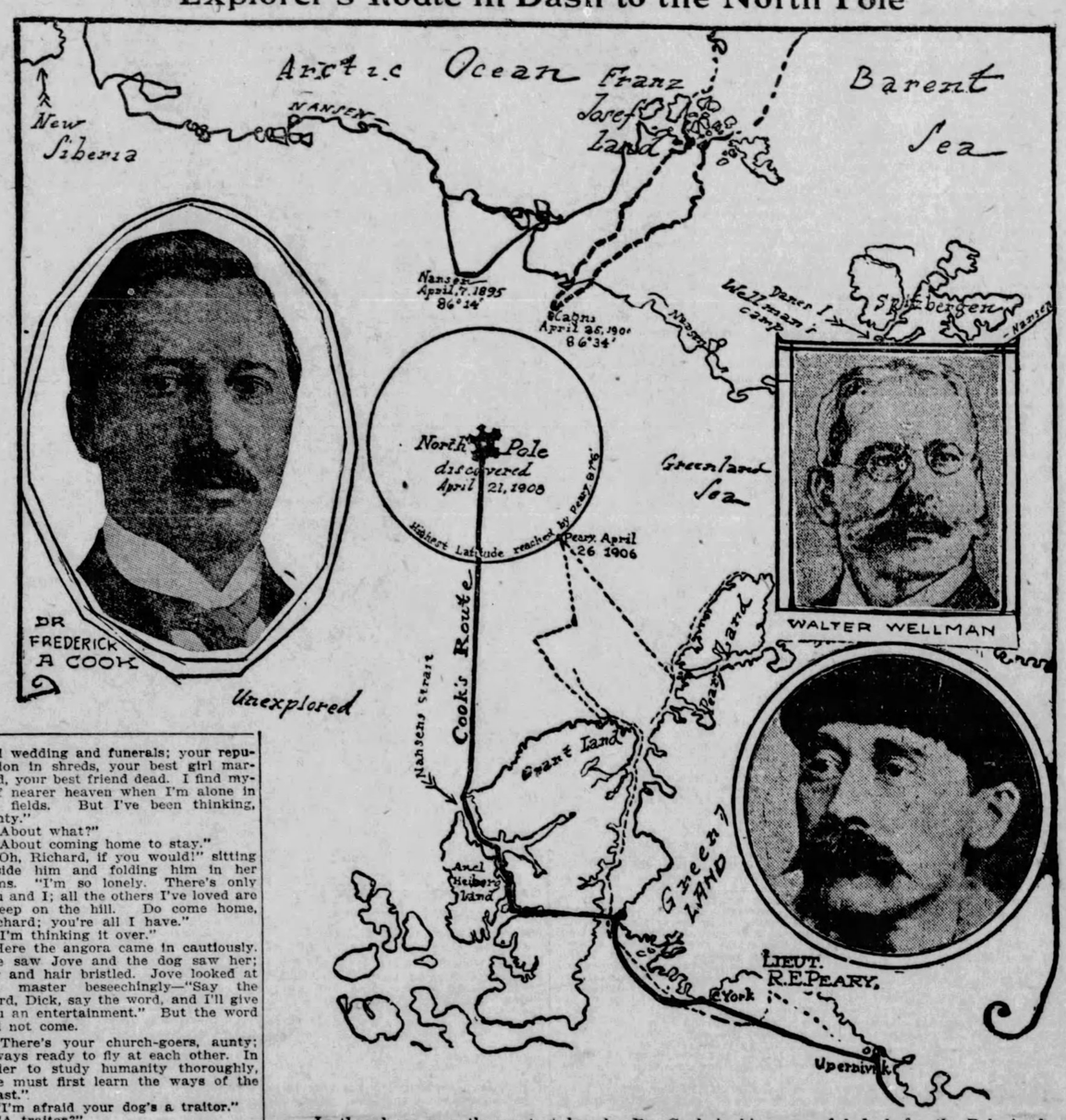
He walked slowly down town, his cane behind his back, his chin in his collar, deep in meditation. He knew instinctively that Mrs. Bennington wanted to talk to him about the coming marriage. He determined to tell her the truth, truth that would set her mother's heart at peace.

Jove ran hither and thither importantly. It was good to be out with the master. He ran into this yard and that, scared a cat up a tree, chased the sparrows and grumbled at the other dogs he saw. All at once he paused, stiffened, each muscle tense. Warrington, catching the pose, looked up. A handsome trotter was coming along at a walk. In the light road-wagon sat a man and a white bulldog. It was easy for Warrington to recognize McQuade, who, in turn, knew that this good looking young man must be the dramatist. The two looked at each other casually. They were unacquainted. Not so the dogs. They had met. The white bull teetered on the seat. Jove bared his strong teeth. How he hated that sleek white brute up there! He would have given his life for one good hold on that broad throat. The white dog was thinking, too. Some day, when the time came, he would clean the slate. Once he had almost had the tan for his own. And he hated the girl who had beaten him off with her heavy riding-crop.

McQuade drove on, and Warrington resumed his interrupted study of the sidewalk. McQuade thought nothing more about the fellow who wrote plays, and the dramatist had not place in his mind for the petty affairs of the politician. Fate, however, moves quite as certainly and mysteriously as the cosmic law. The bitter feud between these two men began with their dogs.

(To Be Continued.)

Explorer's Route in Dash to the North Pole



In the above map the route taken by Dr. Cook in his successful dash for the Pole is shown by the heavy line, while the routes taken by Peary and Nansen, whose expeditions had hitherto come the nearest to the Pole, are shown by the dotted lines. Starting from Etah, Ellsmere Land, Dr. Cook proceeded northward over the ice fields to the Pole, returning by the same route. The portraits show Dr. Cook, Walter Wellman, who this year made another unsuccessful effort to reach the Pole by balloon, and Lieutenant Peary, who, before Cook's trip, held the "farthest north" record.

INHUMAN TO SEND AWAY INDIGENT CONSUMPTIVES

Cruel and inhuman practices are alleged in a statement given out recently by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis against the eastern doctors who persist in sending dying cases of consumption to the southwest.

Fully 7,180 persons hopelessly diseased with tuberculosis annually come to die in the states of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Colorado, most of them by order of their physicians. The statement, which is based upon the testimony of well known experts, and all available statistics, shows that at least 50 per cent of those who go to the southwest every year for their health are so far advanced in their disease, that they cannot hope for a cure in any climate, under any circumstances. More than this, at least 60 per cent of these advanced cases are so poor that they have not sufficient means to provide for the proper necessaries of life, which means that 4,315 consumptives are either starved to death, or forced to accept charitable relief every year.

It is not an uncommon thing, the National Association declares, for whole families, who can hardly eke out a living in the east, to migrate to the west in the hope of saving the life of some member of the family. In most instances, the abject poverty of such cases forces them to beg, or to live on a very low level. Often consumptives who cannot afford the proper traveling accommodations are found dead on the trains before reaching their destination. The resources of almost every charitable organization in the southwest are drained every year to care for cases which would be self-supporting in their eastern homes.

It cost, on an average, at least $50 per month for the support of a consumptive in the southwest, including some medical attention. The National Association strongly urges no one to go to that section who has not sufficient funds to care for himself at least one year, in addition to what his family might require of him during this time. It is also urged that no persons who are far advanced with tuberculosis go to so distant a climate.

Consumption can be cured, or arrested in any section of the United States, and the percentage of cures in the east and the west is nearly the same. Any physician, therefore, who sends a person to the southwest without sufficient funds, or in an advanced or dying stage of the disease, is guilty of cruelty to his patient. Renewed efforts are being made to stop this practice, and to encourage the building of small local hospitals in every city and town of the country. Attempts are also being made in Southern California and in Texas to exclude indigent consumptives or to send them back to the east.

BY HARD WORK, WOMEN WIN SUCCESS IN DAIRY FARMING

"It is ten years this summer since I took entire charge of our cheese factory." a woman who owns and manages a cheese factory in the north central part of New York state told the reporter, says the New York Sun. "My father established a milking station on his farm when I was a small child and later built the factory, so you see that though I was new as a manager, I had grown up in the business.

"Had my father lived a few years longer and been able to pay the mortgage on the place, I dare say he would have been succeeded by a hired manager instead of by his eldest daughter. I took the business because there didn't seem to be enough profit in it to pay a manager and the interest on the mortgage.

"We had five men come to look at the business, with a view of taking charge of the station and the factory, but all of them decided that their share would be too small to warrant their taking up the work. As each man gave his decision he added the advice that many of our friends had already given us, namely, to sell out for what we could get, pay the mortgage and take the balance to get us into town, where we could put the four younger children in public institutions and mother and I could get work in shops or factories.

"As that really seemed the only alternative, if we sold the place, mother and I, after many coundings of way, decided to fight it out here for a time before giving up. Mother said she could attend to the farm and the cows if I could look after the station and the factory. My only brother was less than 5 then, and my three sisters ranged in age from 6 to 15. I hadn't passed my twentieth birthday, but having helped my father so much with the milk I was better acquainted with the work than my mother.

"We managed to pull through that year and after paying all expenses, including the interest on the mortgage, there was just $100 left as profit on the farm, the station and the factory. Of course neither my mother nor I had any wages, but, as my mother pointed out, we had been able to keep a home for the family and keep out of debt.

"We determined to improve one feature of our business during the next year. My mother wanted to make the cows give richer milk and I wanted to improve the quality of my cheese so that it would command the top market price. Our first step was to get all the information in the way of reading matter that we could.

"Money being scarce, we began by sending for sample copies of papers and magazines that seemed to promise information on our particular topics. After reading them all, we picked out three that appeared to be the nearest what we needed. Before the year was over we both decided that if we could only get an opportunity to go for a short term to one of the schools giving instructions in dairy farming and cheese and butter making, we would be much better able to accomplish the results at which we were aiming.

"It was four years before either of us felt that we could afford either the money or the time for the special course we craved. So just five years after we decided to go against the advice of our friends and stick to our farm and the business of shipping milk and making cheese, my mother left home for a six weeks' course in dairy farming. We had been able to reduce the mortgage more than half and had a few hundred dollars in bank in case of an emergency, and my younger sister was old enough to take my mother's place in part.

"My mother was so pleased with what she learned and saw during her course of study that she persuaded me to take a course of instruction that year and leave her in charge of the factory, while my sister continued to look after the dairy. I took my course that spring, and as a result my factory now makes only the best grade of cheese, and I have added a creamery and a skimming station to our plant. A creamery is for the manufacture of butter and a skimming station is for gathering milk and skimming it either for use in butter making or for the market. There are certain times of the year when it is more profitable to sell the cream than to make butter, just as there are seasons when butter making brings in more money than turning the milk into cheese.

"When I began here as manager there were only four farmers who gave us their milk regularly. Now there are 75. Our home dairy, of which my sister has had entire charge since she completed the dairy course at Cornell university, two years ago, is the largest in the neighborhood. We usually had about 10 milkers, but the farmers about us seldom have more than three, sometimes only two.

"Of course there is a great difference in the output of our factory, just as there is in the amount of milk received. In the winter there is very much less milk to be had, but as the season advances the amount increases quite as rapidly as I can handle it. The largest amount handled this year in one day was something over 13,000 pounds.

"The value of milk depends on the amount of butter fat contained in it. When I first began to manage this factory it took nearly 11 pounds of milk to make one pound of cheese. Now it requires between nine and ten pounds. This means not only that I have improved in the business of cheese making, but also that the cows hereabout are giving milk richer in butter fat.

"The demand for milk, cheese, cream and butter is always good and the amount paid for them is what would be called living prices. This means that a fair profit is left for both farmer and manufacturer after the expenses of shipping and handling have been deducted.

"As the demand for articles of food in which butter fat is used is constantly increasing, I believe my business to be a safe investment, and if properly handled, very profitable. Because I have succeeded it seems to me that other women might follow in the same path without any great degree of trouble. There have always been more men employed in my factory than women, yet I have never felt out of place superintending and directing their work.

"There is another point which it seems to me makes a cheese factory in a neighborhood beneficial, besides the money it puts into the pocket of its owner. It enables the farmers to dispose of their surplus milk at a good profit the whole year round. My father couldn't have a factory as large as ours is at present, for the simple reason that he couldn't have secured the milk to run it. It was after I began to pay the farmers for their milk every three months instead of every six that they began to see it might be profitable for them to increase the number of their cows and pay more attention to the quality of the milk.

"At present some of the best herds in my circuit are owned and managed by women. There are two women who have from seven to eight cows at the pail all the year round. One is the daughter of a farmer who preferred to go into dairy farming rather than become a stenographer or clerk in a city store. After finishing at our district school, she entered the nearest village high school and then went to Cornell and took the course in dairying. She began with one cow four years ago on a rented farm of five acres.

"The other woman is city bred and took up dairying on account of her health. I met her while taking the course at Cornell, and at my advice she rented a farm within three miles of my factory and invested a part of the thousand dollars she had managed to save from her salary as a teacher, in two graded Jersey cows fresh to the pail. Today she has a herd of five milch cows, six calves and two young heifers that will be milking within a few months. She has also paid two installments on the purchase of the farm, which comprises in the neighborhood of 40 acres. She manages every detail of her place herself and is not only making a good living but has got back her health.

"As I see conditions, there are few better fields for women who are fond of country life to earn money than dairy farming in a neighborhood where there is a cheese factory or a creamery."

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER XX.

An Unwelcome Visitor.

A little before sunset on that same day two men stood beside the entrance at Morristown. They were staring at a third who, seated nonchalantly upon the horseblock, slapped his boot with his riding switch and made as poor a show of hiding his amusement as they of masking their disgust. The man who slapped his leg and shaped his lips to a silent whistle was Major Payton, of the ——th. The men who looked at him and cursed the unlucky star which had brought him thither were Luke Asgill and The McMurrough.

"Faith, and I should have thought," Asgill said, with a clouced face, "that my presence here, Major, and I, a justice——"

"True for you!" Payton said, with a grin.

"Should have been enough by itself, and the least taste more than enough, to prove the absurdity of the Castle's story."

"True for you again," Payton replied. "And ain't I saying that but for your presence here, and a friend at court that I'll not name, it's not your humble servant this gentleman would be entertaining"—he turned to The McMurrough—"but half a company and a sergeant's guard!"

"I'm allowing it."

"You've no cause to do other."

"Nary a bit I'm denying it," Asgill replied more amicably; and, as far as he could, he cleared his face. "It's not that you're not welcome. Not at all, Major! Sure, and I'll answer for it, my friend The McMurrough is glad to welcome any English gentleman, much more one of your reputation."

"Truth, and I am." The McMurrough assented. But he had not Asgill's self-control, and his sulky tone belied his words.

"Still—I come at an awkward time, perhaps?" Payton answered, looking with a grin from one to the other.

Partly to tease Asgill, whom he did not love the more because he owed him money, and partly to see the rustic beauty whom, rumor had it, Asgill was courting in the wilds, he had volunteered to do with three or four troopers what otherwise a half company would have been sent to do. That he could at the same time put his creditor under an obligation, and annoy him, had not been the least part of the temptation, while no one at Tralee believed the story sent down from Dublin.

"Eh! An awkward time, perhaps," he repeated, looking at The McMurrough. "Sorry, I'm sure, but——"

"I'd have entertained you better, I'm thinking," James McMurrough said, "if I'd known you were coming before you came."

"Devil a doubt of it," said Asgill, whose subtle brain had been at work. "Not that it matters, bedad, for an Irish gentleman will do his best. And tomorrow Colonel Sullivan, that's more knowledge of the mode and foreign ways, will be back, and he'll be helping his cousin. More by token," he added, in a different tone, "you know him of old?"

Payton, who had frowned at the name, reddened at the question. "Is that," he asked, "the Colonel Sullivan who——"

"Who tried the foils with Lemoine at Tralee?" Asgill cried heartily. "The same and no other. He is away today, but he'll be returning tomorrow, and he'll be delighted to see you. And by good luck there are foils in the house and he'll pass the time pleasantly with you. It's he's the hospitable creature!"

Payton was anything but anxious to see the man whose skill had turned the joke against him, and his face betokened his feelings. Had he foreseen the meeting he would have left the job to a subaltern. "Hang it!" he exclaimed, vexed by the recollection. "A fine mess you led me into there, Asgill."

"I did not know him then," Asgill replied lightly. "And, pho! Take my word for it, he's no man to bear malice."

"Malice, begad!" Payton answered, ill-humoredly, "I think it's I——"

"Ah, you are right again, to be sure!" Asgill agreed, laughing silently, for already he had formed a hope that the guest might be maneuvered out of the house on the morrow. He knew Payton. He knew the man's arrogance, the contempt in which he held the Irish, his view of them as an inferior race. He was sure that if he saw Flavia and fancied her, he was capable of any outrage, or if he learned her position in regard to the estate, he might prove a formidable, if an honorable, competitor. In either case to hasten the man's departure and to induce Flavia to remain in the background in the meantime became Asgill's chief aim.

James McMurrough, on the other hand, saw in the unwelcome intruder an English officer, and, troubled by his guilty conscience, he dreaded above all things what he might discover. True, the past was past, the plot spent, the Spanish ship gone. But the Colonel remained and in durance, and if by any chance the Englishman stumbled on him, heard his story and lived to carry it back to Tralee, the consequences might be such that a cold sweat broke out on the young man's brow at the thought of them. To add to his alarm Payton, whose mind was secretly occupied with the Colonel, sought to evince his indifference by changing the subject, and in doing so hit on one singularly unfortunate.

"A pretty fair piece of water," he said, rising with an affected yawn. "The tower at the head of it—it's grown too dark to see it—is it inhabited?"

The McMurrough started guiltily. "The tower?" he stammered. Could it be that the man knew all and was here to expose him? His heart stood still, then raced.

"The Major'll be meaning the tower on the rock," Asgill said smoothly, but with a warning look. "Ah, sure it's be used at times, Major, for a prison, you understand."

"Oh!"

"But we'll be better to be moving inside, I'm thinking," he continued.

Payton assented. He was still brooding on his enemy, the colonel. Curse the man, he was thinking. Why couldn't he keep out of his way?

"Take the major in, McMurrough," Asgill said, who feared Flavia and Moryt O'Bierne might arrive from the Tower. "You'll like to get rid of your boots before supper, Major?" he went on. "Did Darby send the major's man to him, McMurrough; or, better, I'll be going to the stables myself and I'll be telling him!"

As the others went in Asgill strolled toward the stables. But when they had passed out of sight he turned and walked along the lake to meet the girl and her companion. As he walked he had time to decide how he might best deal with Flavia and how much he should tell her. When he met them, therefore—by this time the night was falling—his first question related to that which an hour before had been the one preoccupation of all their minds.

"Well," he said, "he'll not have yielded yet, I'm thinking?"

Dark as it was, the girl averted her face to hide the trouble in her eyes. She shook her head. "No," she said, "he has not."

"I did not count on it," Asgill replied cheerfully. "But time—time and hunger and patience—not a doubt he'll give in presently."

She did not answer, but he fancied—she kept her face averted—that she shivered.

"While you have been away something has happened," he continued. After all, it was perhaps as well, he reflected, that Payton had come. His coming, even if Flavia did not encounter him, would prevent her dwelling too long on that room in the Tower and on the man who famished there. She hated the colonel, Asgill believed. She had hated him, he was sure. But how long would she continue to hate him in these circumstances? How long if she learned what were the colonel's feelings toward her? "An unwelcome guest has come," he continued glibly, "and one that'll be giving trouble, I'm fearing."

"A guest?" Flavia repeated in astonishment. She halted. What time for guests was this? "And unwelcome?" she added. "Who is it?"

"An English officer," Asgill explained, "from Tralee. He is saying that the Castle has heard something and has sent him here to look about him."

Naturally the danger seemed greater to the two than to Asgill, who knew his man. Words of dismay broke from Flavia and O'Bierne. "From Tralee," she cried. "And an English officer? Good heavens! Do you know him?"

"I do," Asgill answered confidently. "And I can manage him. I hold him like that, not the least doubt of it; but the less we'll be doing for him the sooner he'll be going and the safer we'll be! I would not be so bold as to advise," he continued, diffidently, "but I'm thinking it would be no worse if you left him to be entertained by the men."

"I will!" she cried. "Why should I be wanting to see him?"

"Then I think he'll be ordering his horse tomorrow!"

"I wish he were gone now!" she cried.

"Ah, so do I!" he replied, from his heart.

"I will go in through the garden," she said.

He assented. She turned aside, and for a moment he bent to the temptation to go with her. He was sure that she had begun, not only to suffer his company, but to suffer it willingly. And here, as she passed through the darkling garden, was an opportunity of making a further advance. She would have to grope her way, a reason for taking her hand might offer, and—his head grew hot at the thought.

But he thrust the temptation from him. He knew it was was not only the stranger's presence that weighed her down, but her recollection of the man in the tower and his miserable plight.

As he went on with Morty, he gave him a hint to say as little in Payton's presence as possible. "I know the man," he explained, "and where he's weak. I'm for seeing the back of him as soon as we can, but without noise."

"There's always the bog," grumbled Morty.

"And the garrison at Tralee," Asgill rejoined dryly, "to ask where he is! And his troopers to answer the question."

Morty bade him manage it in his own way. "Only I'll trouble you not to blame me," he added "if the English sojer finds the colonel, and ruins us entirely."

"I'll not," Asgill answered pithily, "if so be you'll hold your tongue."

So at supper that night Payton looked in vain for the Kerry beauty whose charms the warmer wits of the mess had more than once painted in hues rather florid than fit. Nevertheless, he would have enjoyed himself tolerably—nor the less because now and

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again he let his contempt for the company peep from under his complaisance—but for the obtuseness of his of his friend; who, as if he had only one man and one idea in his head, let fall with every moment some mention of Colonel John. Now, it was the happy certainty of the colonel's return next day that inspired his eloquence; now, the pleasure with which the colonel would meet Payton again; now, the lucky chance that found a pair of new foils on the window ledge.

"For he's ruined entirely and no one to play with him!" Asgill continued, a twinkle in his eye. "No one I'm meaning, major, of his sort of force at all! Begad, boys, you'll see some fine fencing for once! Ye'll think ye've never seen any before, I'm doubting!"

"I'm not sure that I can remain tomorrow," Payton said in a surly tone. He began to suspect that Asgill was quizzing him. He noticed that every time the justice named Colonel Sullivan, men looked furtively at one another, or straight before them, as if they were in a design. If that were so, the design could only be to pit Colonel Sullivan against him, or to provoke a quarrel between them. He felt a qualm of apprehension and he was confirmed in the plan he had already formed—to be gone next day. But in the meantime his temper moved him to carry the war into the enemy's country.

"I did not know," he snarled, taking Asgill up in the middle of a eulogy of Colonel John's skill, "that he was so great a favorite of yours."

"He was not," Asgill replied, dryly. "He is now, it seems," in the same sneering tone.

"We know him better. Don't we, boys?"

They murmured assent.

"And the lady whose horse I sheltered for you," the major continued, spitefully watching for an opening—"confound you, little you thanked me for it!—she must be still more in his interest than you? And how does that suit your book?"

Asgill had great control, and the major was not a close observer. But the thrust was so unexpected that on the instant Payton read the other secret in his eyes—knew that he loved, and knew that he was jealous. Jealous of Sullivan! Jealous of the man whom he was for some reason praising. Then why not jealous of a younger, a more fashionable rival? Asgill's cunningly reared plans began to sink, and even while he answered he knew it.

"She likes him," he said, "as we all do."

"Some more, some less," Payton answered with a grin.

"Just so," the Irishman returned, controlling himself. "Some more, some less. And why not, I'm asking?"

"I think I must stay over tomorrow," Payton remarked, smiling at the ceiling. "There must be a good deal to be seen here."

"Ah, there is," Asgill answered in apparent good humor.

"Worth seeing, too, I'll be sworn," the Englishman answered, smiling more broadly.

"And that's true, too!" the other rejoined.

He had himself in hand, and it was not from him that the proposal to break up the party came. The major it was who at last pleaded fatigue. Englismen's heads, he said, were stronger than their stomachs; they were a match for port, but not for claret.

"You should correct it, major, with a little cognac," The McMurrough suggested politely.

"Not tonight, and, by your leave, I'll have my man called and go to bed."

"It's early," James McMurrough said, playing the host.

"It is, but I'll have my man and go to bed," Payton answered, with true British obstinacy. "No offense to any gentleman."

"There's none will take it here," Asgill answered. "An Irishman's house is his friend's castle." But knowing that Payton liked his glass, he wondered, until it occurred to him that the other wished to have his hand steady for the sword play next day.

The McMurrough, who had risen, took a light and attended his guest to his room, Asgill and the O'Beirnes remained seated at the table, the young men scoffing at the Englishman's conceit of himself, Asgill silent and downcast. His scheme of ridding himself of Payton had failed; but it remained to face the situation. He did not distrust Flavia, but he distrusted Payton—his insolence, his violence, and the privileged position which his duellist's skill gave him. And then there was Colonel John. If Payton learned what was afoot at the tower, and saw his way to make use of it, the worst might happen to all concerned.

He looked up at a touch from Morty, and to his astonishment he saw Flavia standing at the end of the table. There was a hasty scrambling to the feet, but the men had not drunk deep, and by all in the house—except her brother—the girl was treated with respect.

"I was thinking," Asgill said, foreseeing trouble, "that you were in bed and asleep." Her hair was tied back negligently and her dress half fastened at the throat.

"I cannot sleep," she answered. And then she stood a moment drumming with her slender fingers on the table, and the men noticed that she was unusually pale. "I cannot sleep," she repeated, a tremor in her voice. "I keep thinking of him. I want some one—to go to him."

"Now?"

"Now!"

"But," Asgill said slowly, "I'm thinking that to do that were to give him hope. It were to spoil all. Once in twenty-four hours—that was agreed. And it is not four hours since you were there. If there is one thing needful, not the least doubt of it—it is to leave him thinking that we're meaning it."

He spoke reasonably. But the girl labored under a weight of agitation that did not suffer her to reason. "But if he dies?" she cried in a woeful tone. "If he dies of hunger? Oh, my God, of hunger. What have we done then? I tell you," she continued, "I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" She looked from one to the other as appealing to each in turn to share her horror, and to act. "It is wicked; it is wicked!" she continued, in a shriller tone and with a note of defiance in her voice; "and who will answer for it if he dies? I—not you! I, who tricked him, who lied to him, who lured him there!"

For a moment there was a stricken silence in the room. Then, "And what what had he done to you!" Asgill retorted with spirit—for he saw that if he did not meet her on her own plane she was capable of any act, however ruinous. "Or, if not to you, to Ireland, to your king, to your country, to your hopes!" He flung into his voice all the imagination of which he was master. "A trick, you say? Was it not by a trick he ruined all? The fairest prospects, the brightest day that ever dawned for Ireland! The day of freedom, of liberty, of—"

She twisted her fingers feverishly together.

"Yes," she said, "yes! Yes, but I can't bear it! It's no use talking," she continued, with a violent shudder. "You are here—look!" she pointed to the table strewn with the remains of the meal. "But he is—starving! Starving!" she repeated, as if the physical pain touched herself.

"You shall go to him tomorrow. Go yourself," he replied in a soothing tone.

"I?" she creid. "Never!"

"Oh, but"—Asgill began, perplexed but not surprised by her attitude. "But there's your brother," he continued, relieved. "He will tell you, I'm sure that nothing can be so harmful as to change now. Your sister," he went on, addressing The McMurrough, who had just descended the stairs, "she's wishing someone will go to the Colonel and see if he's down a peg. But I'm telling her—"

"It's folly entirely, you should be telling her," James McMurrough replied, curtly and roughly. "Tomorrow at sunset, and not an hour earlier he'll be visited. And then it'll be you, Flavvy, that'll speak to him. What more is it you're wanting?"

"I speak to him?" she cried. "I couldn't."

"But it'll be you'll have to," he replied roughly. "Wasn't it so arranged?"

"I couldn't!" she replied, in the same tone of trouble. "Some one else—if you like."

"But it's not someone else will do," James retorted.

"But why should I be the one—to go?" she wailed. She had Colonel John's face before her, haggard, sunken, famished, as, peering into the gloomy, firelit room, she had seen it that afternoon.

"For a very good reason," her brother retorted with a sneer. He looked at Asgill and laughed.

That look startled her as a flash of light startles a traveling groping through darkness. "Why?" she repeated in a different tone.

But neither her tone nor Asgill's glance put James McMurrough on his guard; he was in one of his brutal humors. "Why?" he replied. "Because he's a silly fool, as I'm thinking some others are, and has a fancy for you, Flavvy. Faith, you're not blind," he continued, "and know it, I'll be sworn, as well as I do. Anyway, I've a notion that if you let him see that there is no one in the house wishes him worse than you, or would see him starve with a lighter heart—I'm thinking it will be for bringing him down, if anything will."

She did not answer. Outwardly she was not much moved, but inwardly the horror of herself which she had felt as she lay upstairs in the darkness, thinking of the starving man, choked her. They were using her because the man—loved her! Because hard words, cruel treatment, brutality from her would be ten times more brutal than from others! Because such treatment at her hands would be more likely to break his spirit and crush his heart! To what viler use, to what lower end could a woman be used or human feeling be prostituted?

Nor was this all. On the tide of this loathing of herself rose another, a stranger feeling. The man loved her. She did not doubt that statement. Its truth came home to her at once. And because it placed him in a light in which she had never viewed him before, because it recalled a hundred things, acts, words on his part which she had barely noted at the time, it showed him, too, as one whom she had never seen. Had he been free, prosperous, triumphant, the knowledge that he loved her, that he, her enemy, loved her, might have revolted her—she might have hated him the more for it. But now he lay a prisoner, famished, starving, the fact that he loved her touched her heart, transfixed her with an almost poignant feeling, choking her with a rising flood of pity and self-reproach.

"So there you have it, Flavvy," James cried, complacently. "And sure, you'll not be making a fool of yourself at this time of day!"

She stood looking at him with strange eyes, thinking, not answering. Asgill only saw a burning blush dye for an instant the whiteness of her face. He discovered, with the subtle insight of one who loved, a part of what she was thinking. He wished James McMurrough in the depth of perdition. But it was too late, or he feared so.

Great was his relief, therefore, when she spoke. "Then you'll not—be going now?" she said.

"Now?" James retorted contemptuously. "Haven't I told you, you'll go tomorrow?"

"If I must," she said slowly, "I will—if I must."

"Then what's the good of talking," The McMurrough answered. He was proceeding to say more when the opportunity was taken from him. One of the O'Beirnes, who happened to avert his eyes from the girl, discovered Payton standing at the foot of the stairs. Phelim's exclamation apprised the others that something was amiss, and they turned.

"I left my snuffbox on the table," Payton said, with a sly grin. How much he had heard they could not tell. "Ha! there it is! Thank you. Sorry, I am sure! Hope I don't trespass. Will you present me to your sister, Mr. McMurrough?"

James McMurrough had no option but to do so—looking foolish. Luke Asgill stood by with rage in his heart, cursing the evil chance which had brought Flavia downstairs.

"I assure you," Payton said, bowing low before her, but not so low that the insolence of his smile was hidden from all, "I think myself happy. My friend Asgill's picture of you, warmly as he painted it, fell infinitely below the reality."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Key.

Colonel John rose and walked unsteadily to the window. He rested a hand on either jamb and looked through it, peering to right and left with wistful eyes. He detected no one, nothing, no change, no movement, and, with a groan, he straightened himself. But he still continued to look out, gazing at the pitiless blue sky in which the sun was still high.

Presently he grew weary and went back to his chair. He sat down with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. Again his ears had deceived him! How many more times would he start to his feet, fancying he heard the footstep that did not fall, calling aloud to those who were not there, anticipating those who, more heedless than the face of nature without, would not come before the appointed time! And that was hours away, hours of thirst and hunger, almost intolerable; of patience and waiting, broken only by a fancy, born of his weakened senses, as had just drawn him to the window.

Colonel John was a man sane and well balanced; but even he had succumbed more than once during the last 12 hours to gusts of rage, provoked as much by the futility of his suffering as by the cruelty of his persecutors. After each of these storms he had scolded himself and grown calm. But they had made their mark upon him; they had left his eyes wilder, his cheeks more hollow, his hand less firm.

Notwithstanding he was not light headed. He could command his faculties; he could still reflect and plan. But at times he found himself confounding the present with the past, fancying, for a while, that he was in a Turkish prison, or starting from a waking dream of some cold camp in Russian snows—alas! starting from it only to shiver with that penetrating, heart-piercing, frightful cold, which was worse to bear than the gnawing of hunger or the longing of thirst. He had burned, in fighting the cold of the past night, all that would burn, except the chair on which he sat.

He had not eaten for more than 70 hours. But the long privation, which had weakened his limbs and blanched his cheeks, had not availed to shake his will. The possibility of surrender did not occur to him, partly because he felt sure that James McMurrough would not be so foolish as to let him die; but partly also by reason of a noble stubbornness in the man, that for no pain of death would leave a woman or a child to perish. More than once Colonel Sullivan had had to make that choice, amid the horrors of a retreat across famished lands with wolves and Cossacks on his skirts; and perhaps the choice then made had become a habit of the mind. At any rate, he gave no thought to yielding.

He had sat for some minutes in the attitude described, when once more a sound startled him. He raised his head and turned his eyes on the window. Then he faltered to his feet, and once again went unsteadily to the window and looked out.

At the same moment Flavia looked in. Their eyes met. Their faces were less than a yard apart.

The girl started back with a cry, caused by horror at the change in his aspect. For she had left him hungry, she found him starving; she had left him haggard, she found him with eyes unnaturally large, his temples hollow, his lips dry, his chin unshaven. It was indeed a staring mask of famine that looked out of the dusky room at her, and looked not the less pitifully, not the less woefully, because, as soon as its owner took in her identity, the mask tried to smile.

"Mother of God!" she whispered. Her face had grown nearly as white as his. She had imagined nothing like this.

Colonel John, believing that he read pity as well as horror in her face, felt a sob rise in his breast. He tried to smile the more bravely for that, and presently he found a queer, husky voice.

"You must not leave me—too long," he said.

She drew in her breath, and averted her face, to hide, he hoped, the effect of the sight upon her. Or perhaps—for he saw her shudder—she was mutely calling the sunlit lake on which her eyes rested, the blue sky, to witness against this foul cruelty.

But it seemed that he deceived himself. For when she turned her face to him again, though it was still colorless, it was hard and set.

"You must sign," she said. "You must sign the paper."

His parched lips opened, but he did not answer.

"You must sign!" she repeated insistently. "You must sign!"

Still he did not answer; he only looked at her with eyes of infinite reproach. She, a woman, a girl, whose tender heart should have bled for him, could see him tortured, could aid in the work, and cry "Sign!"

She could indeed, for she repeated the word—feverishly. "Sign!" she cried. And then. "If you will," she said, "I will give you—see! You shall have this. You shall eat and drink; only sign! For God's sake sign what they want and eat and drink!"

With fingers that trembled with haste she drew from a hiding place in her cloak bread and milk and wine. "See what I have brought," she continued, holding them before his startling eyes, his cracking lips, "if you will sign."

He gazed at them, at her, with anguish of the mind as well as of the body. How he had mistaken her! How he had misread her! Then, with a groan, "God forgive you!" he cried. "I cannot! I cannot!"

"You will not sign?" she retorted. "Cannot and will not!" he said.

"And why? Why will you not?"

On that his patience gave way; and swept along by one of those guests of rage, he spoke. "Why?" he cried in hoarse accents, "because, ungrateful, unwomanly, miserable as you are—I will not rob you or the dead! Because I will not be false to an old man's trust! Because—" he laughed a half delirious laugh—"there is nothing to sign. I have burned your parchments these two days, and if you make me suffer twice as much as I have suffered you can do nothing!" He held out hands which trmebled with passion. "Yon can do nothing," he repeated. "Neither you, who—God forgive you—have no woman's heart, no woman's pity? nor he who would have killed me in the bog to gain that which he now starves me to get! But I foiled him then, as I will foil him today, ingrate, perjured, accursed—"

He faltered, steadying himself against the wall. For a moment he covered his eyes with the other hand. Then "God forgive me!" he resumed in a lower tone, "I know not what I say? And you—Go! for you know not what you do. You do not know what it is to hunger and thirst or you would not try me thus! Yet I ought to remember that—that it is not for yourself you do it!"

He turned his back on her and on the window. He had taken three steps when she cried, "Wait!"

"Go!" he repeated, with a backward gesture of his hand. "Go!"

"Wait!" she cried. "And take them! Oh! take them! Quick!" He turned about. She was holding the food and the drink through the window, holding them out for him to take. But it might be another deception. He was not sure and he took a step in a stealthy fashion toward the window, as if, were she off her guard, he would snatch them from her. But she cried again. "Take them! Take them!" with tears in her voice. "I brought them for you."

(To Be Continued.)

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

A TRAVELER AND HIS PERILS

International Sunday School Lesson for September 12 Is "Paul's Third Missionary Journey — Closing Scenes." Acts 21:1-17.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Pilgrimages are common in connection with all the great ethnic faiths of Asia. These have a social and educational significance apart from their religious aspect. A Buddhist is certain to return to his home, after a journey to all the sacred places connected with the life of Guatama, with a broadened horizon and an accretion of life interests. Somewhat similarly, it is worth while to consider the educational value of these Sunday school studies which have followed in the footsteps of the apostle Paul. They have afforded an historical sweep which enlarges the horizon of every student who has traced the footsteps of the restless, pioneering, tent-maker apostle.

The latest news dispatches from Asia Minor are illuminated by these old documents, with their geographical itineraries. One is lifted above the narrow conception of his own neighborhood and land by a study of the past and present of the places trod by the feet of Paul 2,000 years ago. Reading into these geographical names our present knowledge, a wide vista of intellectual activity opens before one. The traveler who keeps company with Paul may suffer in sympathy with his great trials, but he will be delivered from the thralldom of many present petty cares.

Not only is this narrative a fine bit of travel record, but it is also an intensely human document. Some persons can write about their travels in a way to repel every reader; they merely recite a catalogue of the places they visit, and of their traveling schedule. Others can make the very same tour glow with human interest.

Looking for the Best.

With the heart-break of his separation from the beloved Ephesian friends still bowing him down, Paul took up his journey toward Jerusalem. The identical trip may be made today. For this ancient writing is corroborated by its geographical and historical allusions. The man who gave this information had been through the scenes described. The land and the sea testify to the book.

In ancient Tyre, where some travelers would have found archaeological ruins, Paul found people. He was ever looking for kindred spirits. In whatsoever place he entered there he sought out fellow disciples of the Name. That was a good fashion which is not often followed. Travelers more commonly seek for the worst than for the best.

Hundreds of Americans touch at Yokohama every year, and they see the tea houses and the geisha girls and the native theatres, but they never catch a glimpse of the splendid educational and philanthropic institutions which American altruism and Christianity have planted in that city. Of all the multitude of travelers that pass through Shanghai, there are many who know the glitter of Bubbling Well road, and the vanity and degradation of Foochow road and the opium divans; but who leave the city, ignorant of the fact that on its outskirts is St. John's university, the greatest educational institution in the empire, and that within half an hour's rickshaw ride from the Astor house are two great mission hospitals, a mission press and native churches that embody the greatness and beauty of the Christian propaganda.

Even nearer home than the orient, there are many rural dwellers who go to the city for business or pleasure and to feel it incumbent upon them to see the worst that the city affords, learning naught of its better aspects. Paul's example is powerful preaching; he established relationships as quickly as possible with the noblest people and forces in every community that he visited. What a boon it would have been for scores of country and seashore churches if all the Christian summer visitors this year had carried their religious activity with them upon their holidays.

The Man More Than the Preacher.

When we read some of Paul's letters we are overwhelmed by the profundity of his reasoning and the metaphysical sweep of his conceptions. Many things he wrote are hard to understand. His was a great mind and he was a great man. In all ages he stands prominent as the foremost theologian. Concerning a modern theologian it is said: "He is a great theologian, but he has no friends." Not so Paul. We may be awed by his intellectual qualities, but we are warmed by his personality. He is a preacher whom we would delight to have for a traveling companion. Somehow or other he has the genius for drawing people into his life. Not only the strong men of a community loved to fellowship with him, but even the little children were atttracted to him, so that we find, as he leaves Tyre, that all the disciples, even the wives and the children, escort him on his way to the city, and when they came to the beach they knelt down and prayed together and bade one another farewell. It was a tender, heart-melting occasion, like unto many others that shine out luminously in Paul's career.

A little later at Cassarea a similar experience awaited the great apostle. His friends, solicitous for his welfare more than for his work—which is the way of kindred and friends the world around—entreated him not to go up to Jerusalem; but Paul answered: "Why do ye weep and break my heart? For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

When Danger Threatens.

This lesson contains a striking conflict. At Tyre the Christians said to Paul through the Spirit that he should not set foot in Jerusalem. Paul himself declared that the Spirit had instructed him to go to Jerusalem. Agabus, a preacher from Judea, went down to Cesarea and, in Oriental pantomime, took the long sash from about Paul's waist and bound his own hands and feet, saying: Thus saith the Holy Spirit. So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles."

Probably all the revelations coincided. The disciples at Tyre were so engrossed by their concern for Paul's own welfare that they took the revelation as a warning and assumed that their leader would heed it. To them, in their tender solicitude for his welfare, the knowledge of impending misfortune was accepted as a warrant for escaping that misfortune. Paul was of other stuff. He carried out his program to the letter. He had no concern for saving his life. Ever since, on the Damascus road, he had caught an ineffable vision of Jesus, he had counted not his life dear unto himself, and any day he was ready to lay it down for the honor of his Lord. Paul maintained a fearless front toward the future. He embodied the spirit of Susan Coolidge's lines:

"I like the man who faces what he must
With steps triumphant and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God—that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better with love a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot.
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who, by a life heroic conquers fate."

The Heart Undeterred.

Spurgeon called the apostle of the Gentiles "Paul the Ready." He was ready to die, he was ready to live. Whatever would serve the honor of his Lord was the thing he supremely desired to do. So undeterred by the importunity of misguided friends, and unshaken by stirring scenes of affection, he, like his Master, steadfastly set his face to go up to Jerusalem. The spectacle somehow reminds one of the entry in the log of Columbus when his sailors were in almost open mutiny and the prospect of land seemed as remote as ever. He wrote: "This day we sailed on." Day after day that stout-hearted entry was made, "This day we sailed on." There are times in everybody's life when, like Columbus and like Paul, he is simply to go ahead.

We wonder what are the meditations of a man in full possession of his faculties who knows that he is shortly to die. A weak soul raves, and rants, and refuses to face the inevitable. Brave hearts, like Paul, simply move steadfastly forward on the path of duty. They have a new passion for the work that is yet to be done, and a new tenderness for the people whom they have loved on earth. It is a profound truth, although but a side light on this lesson, that the greater a man's mission in life, the heavier his burdens, the more precious to him are the everyday human relationships. Paul en route to inevitable suffering and death, had more thought for his friends, great and small, than he had for his own impending fate.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.
By request we reprint the following: I read a recent article where a party invested $620 in improving a Mexican homestead and is now getting a regular income of over $1,200 a year from the sale of bananas. I am glad to say that I know this can be done. You can get a Homestead in Mexico, free, and do not have to live on it. All that is required is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within five years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, supply and plant the trees and care for them until they come into bearing, for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $5 a month, and in three years after your trees are planted, they will bring you a profit of more than $1,500 each year, if a superintend the work; but if you wish, the Improvement Department will care for the trees and market your bananas continuously, so you will not have to be in Mexico at all; they get one-third of the crop for attending to it and marketing the bananas. This will give you a profit of more than $1,000 a year, from an investment of about $600. If you act as your own superintendent you can make $600 a year more. I know this from my own experience. It is a delightful country, never hot, never cold, and the health conditions are perfect. For full information address The Jautha Plantation Company, Box 344, Pittsburgh, Pa., as all English literature pertaining to these free Mexican homesteads is distributed from Pittsburg.

SURGEON BUILDS NEW FACE

He Also Provides Prolific Crop of Hair for Patient.

Boston Dispatch to N. Y. Herald.

Stephen Calabro, 25 years old, of Quincy, was discharged from the Massachusetts General hospital Saturday, literally with a new face and scalp, following a series of operations among the most remarkable in surgical history extending over a period of three years and done as a work of scientific interest by Dr. Charles A. Porter, of the Harvard Medical school.

Calabro, who was horribly burned and thought to be disfigured for life in a fireworks explosion in Weymouth, in 1905, submitted himself for treatment at the Massachusetts General hospital in March, 1906. His face, neck, scalp and arms were a mass of turtle-like skin that is known to the medical profession as chelyoid tissue. Today he left the hospital with a new forehead new eyelids, new cheeks, a new nose, a new chin, a new neck and, finally, a new head of hair, the result of three years' treatment and unselfish devotion of Dr. Porter in the cause of science.

Calabro was given ether no less than 30 times. The operations consisted of skin transplantation and grafting. Much of the skin was taken from other parts of Calabro's own body, but his brother Thomas and other members of his family sacrificed portions of skin to aid their brother.

One of the greatest difficulties met with in the treatment of Calabro was the making of a new head of hair. Nearly the entire scalp had to be replaced, but this was finally accomplished, and now the young man has a prolific crop of hair "as good as new," which comes well down over his forehead.

Calabro has returned to his brother's home in Quincy, where he has a little farm. He intends, he says, to raise fancy poultry for the market.

Odd Little Farms in Japan.

Outing.

Land is so scarce in Japan and the people are so numerous that a farm rarely consists of more than an acre or two. These little farms are divided up into tiny fields. During the season of the year in which we made our journey one of these fields is filled with sprouting barley, light green in color; another field—perhaps the next—with vetch, a lavender-colored, cloverlike fodder; a neighboring field with a dark green grass, from the seed if which a lamp oil is manufactured; another with the yellow flowers of the mustard, and scattered here and there fields filled with what looked like a variety of lily—some white, some red, some yellow, but all equally brilliant.

Then, to get the complete picture, you must imagine patches of flowering azaleas dotting the roadside; towering, round-topped camellia trees breaking the skyline with frequent splashes of bright green; usually in the shade of these trees houses with white plastered walls and red tiled roofs; about the more pretentious of these houses were white plastered walls, above which appeared a profusion of palms, roses and strange native flowers; and in the doorways of the garden walls kimono-clad Japanese girls, the kimonos as many and as gayly colored as the garden that framed them.

FLY-SUICIDE MACHINE

Kansas City Man's Invention Traps 10,000 an Hour.

Kansas City Dispatch to New York Press.

A machine warranted to trap 10,000 flies an hour has been invented by R. E. Haward, of this city. The fly catcher was seen in operation here today, and its appetite for flies seemed insatiable.

Haward's invention consists of a wheel, designed on the order of the wheel of a paddle steamer. One of the critics of the machine described it as a treadmill operated by the flies' own destruction. The wheel is so delicately adjusted that it revolves with the weight of a hair, and a single black fly sends it spinning. Haward has made a long and patient study of the fly, and he says the paddle on his wheel offer a resting place which the ordinary house fly simply can't resist. His theory was proved by practice, for flies seemed to prefer the wheel to the several shining bald heads in the examining party.

Flies alighted on the paddles and before they knew where they were at the wheel had spun around and dropped them into a wire cage. From the cage there was no escape, and Haward kept the machine at work until a pint of flies had been gathered. The takings meant a clean harvest from two butcher shops and a delicatessen store. When the demonstration was at an end Haward detached the cage, dipped it in gasoline, and snuffed out the lives of all his black, microbe-bearing prisoners.

French Ministries.

London Globe

A Paris contemporary in stating that the cabinet of M. Clemenceau continued exactly 2 years 8 months and 4 days mentions the other ministries of recent years which have existed for more than two years. They are: The cabinet of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, from June 22, 1899, to June 7, 1902, 2 years 11 months 15 days; the cabinet of M. Combes, from June 7, 1902, to January 24, 1905, 2 years 7 months 17 days; the cabinet of M. Melline, 2 years 2 months 1 day; the cabinet of M. Jules Ferry, from February 21, 1883, to March 30, 1885, 2 years 2 months 9 days.

OUR NATIONAL DISEASE

Caused by Coffee.

Physicians know that drugs will not correct the evils caused by coffee and that the only remedy is to stop drinking it.

An Arkansas doctor says:

"I have been a coffee drinker for 50 years and have often thought that I could not do without it, but after many years of suffering with our national malady, dyspepsia, I attributed it to the drinking of coffee, and after some thought, determined to use Postum for my morning drink.

"I had the Postum made carefully according to directions on the pkg. and found it just suited my taste.

"At first I used it only for breakfast, but found myself getting so much better that I had it at all meals, and I am pleased to say that it has entirely relieved me of indigestion. I gained 19 pounds in 4 months and my general health is greatly improved.

"I must tell you of a young lady in Illinois. She had been in ill health for many years, the vital forces low, with but little pain. I wrote her of the good that Postum did me and advised her to try it.

"At the end of the year, she wrote me that Postum had entirely cured her, and that she had gained 40 pounds in weight and felt like herself again."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

G., Clyde, O.: If you feed your hogs any kind of baking soda it will cure them of eating chickens and will be good for the hog.—M., Batavia, Ark.

BROKEN BRANCHES

During the season of thinning and picking fruit many branches of the fruit trees will become broken or disfigured. Often an extra load of fruit on a branch wil cause it to break. Overloaded branches, especially of peach and pear trees should be well propped with forked poles and the fruit thinned to prevent as much bending and breaking as possible. When thinning is necessary the work should be done as early as possible to prevent the extra crop from sapping the vitality of the trees and reducing its vitality for future bearing. The formation of the seeds or stones of fruit draw much more substance from the tree than the fleshy part of the fruit; hence fruit should be thinned before the seeds acquire much size. Allowing an extra load of fruit to mature on a tree will often so impair its vitality as to make it too weak to bear fruit for one or two years. It is better to have a moderate crop every year than a surplus crop on special years.

When fruit tree branches become broken or mutilated through any cause in late summer or fall they should be carefully cut out immediately. This will not only give the orchard a better appearance but it will assist in maintaining the health of the trees and prevent them from acquiring abnormal shapes. The wound of mutilated branch owing to its roughness is a weak place for infection. When the broken branch is left hanging to the tree extra splitting, breaking and peeling take place through the branch being whipped about by the force of the wind and by other causes. If these mutilated branches are removed and only a smooth cut made the tree will have a chance to properly renew its growth and fill out symmetrically. When left on the tree through the fall and winter under the influence of wind and storms they will almost invariably disfigure the tree permanently, and often cause it to die. It is best to remove them as soon as they are broken and before further injury results.

LATE MOULTING HENS

It is commonly held that the hen that moults early is the best for egg laying, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Poultrymen in general like to have their hens through moulting and a new crop of feathers grown so they will begin laying in late fall and early winter, when eggs are invariably the highest in price. In order to secure this early moulting as a preparation for early laying some practice the starving of the hens in order to cause them to moult earlier than they otherwise would.

At the West Virginia station they have proved that the hen moulting latest is usually the best laying hen. In the experiments it was discovered that a hen that had laid 213 eggs in ten months was the last hen to moult and that she did not moult until nearly December, and because she was the best hen in the bunch naturally her record was looked up, and it was found in every instance that the best hens moulted last, and that the poorer hens moulted first.

For years at this station hens that were late in moulting and raged in late fall were killed because they were thought to be of no account for winter use. In so doing the best layers were killed.

The hen that is bred to lay a large number of eggs exhausts her system by the end of summer, so that she is not in a physical condition to moult.

The net financial result of the whole experiment was this: That out of 120 hens that were starved for nearly four weeks until they nearly all stopped laying and until they all had lost one-half a pound each, as compared with 120 other hens in the flock that were fed well through the entire moulting season, just 24 cents and a fraction on every hen in the experiment was lost. And at the end of the year the hens that were starved had a little the better of the shock and were not yielding as many eggs as the hens fed normally. In other words this simple conclusion was drawn, that it is good business to let a hen lay when she wants to lay, and it is poor business to stop her when she wants to lay, and take a chance at reducing her to lay at a time when every law of nature rebels against it.

FALL WHEAT CULTURE

Fall wheat requires a soil reasonably rich in humus Humus is necessary to furnish the little nitrogen needed to grow the plant, to assist in rendering the mineral plant foods available and to keep the soil in the proper physical condition. Then a soil rich in humus usually has the proper water holding power. This is a very important essential in the production of any kind of small grain.

The preparation of the soil has much to do with its water holding power. If the ground is fall plowed and then sown to wheat, the articles of the soil below where the grains of wheat lie will be too porus for the water to rise from the subsoil to the grains. If there should be a period of dry weather, the grains will not germinate or the plants will die for want of moisture if the seed has germinated.

While it is important to have the surface layer of the soil mellowed to prevent loss of moisture by evaporation, it is also important that the layer of soil below the point where the seeds are be sufficiently packed to insure the capillary rise of moisture. For this reason, it is best not to fall plow the ground that is to be sown to fall grain. Simply sow the seed and cultivate it in with a cultivator or disk and then roll or row twice. If it is sown between corn rows, all the better. The corn will shade the ground and prevent loss of a great deal of moisture by evaporation and putting in the seed with the cultivator or disk will leave the mellow the surface layer sufficiently to establish a dirt mulch and at the same time the layer of the soil below the surface layer will not be disturbed.

If the ground is to be sown to wheat next spring, fall plowing is many times very beneficial. It mellows the soil, giving the frosts a chance to act upon the unsoluble mineral plant foods, and by the time the wheat is sown in the spring the ground has become compacted enough so that the moisture in the subsoil can rise by capillary attraction.

FALL MANURING

A fruit grower asks when is the best time to manure the orchard. The first thing to take into consideration when manuring the apple orchard is to ascertain whether it needs manuring or not. The apple does not require a very rich soil. In fact, if the soil is too rich the trees will make heavy growth of top, but there will be little fruit. It is for this reason that orchards do better on clay hills than on flat bottom lands. This is why the Ozark mountain region is better for apple raising than the rich prairie lands of central Illinois. But very little organic matter is needed in the soil of the orchard, and usually enough can be obtained by growing a crop of cowpeas and allowing the roots to decay in the soil. If, however, it becomes apparent that the soil need a little additional humus this should be applied in the form of well rotted manure. Never in any case should the manure be fresh, and it should never be applied close to the base of the trees. Make the application in the fall very light after the warm weather is over. Scatter the manure between the trees, allowing none of it to fall closer than five feet to the trunks. Disk it at once into the surface three inches of the soil. Do not make the application too heavy at one time. It is better to make several applications than to apply the same amount of manure at one application.

CABBAGE ENEMIES

The common green worm of the cabbage plant is the larvae of a white butterfly. There are several broods each season. It is common throughout the country, and oftentimes seriously interferes with the development of the plant. Arsenite is sometimes used against this pest, while the plants are small, but this practice is dangerous and not to be recommended. Pyrethrum powder for hellebore is thoroughly effective and may be used either as a liquid spray, one ounce to the gallon of water, or in the powdered form, after mixing with four parts lime or flour. Do not use ready made powders without knowing their composition. These remedies often contain paris green, which is not safe to use after the plant begins to head. Other larvae of like habits can be controlled in the same manner.

Club root is one of the most destructive diseases affecting plants of the cabbage tribe. It is due to a slime mold disease which lives over as a saprophyte in the soil. The infection is subterranean, hence spray measures are of no avail. Crop rotation is the best means of avoiding the pest. Infected land should not be set again in cabbage for several years. Do not use manure containing cabbage refuse. If, for any reason, it is necessary to grow cabbage or allied crops continuously on the same land and the soil becomes infected, it may be largely disinfected by application of caustic lime at the rate of two to five tons per acre, at least six months before the land is set in cabbage. The seed bed should be treated in the same way.

The harlequin cabbage bug is troublesome on cabbage and allied plants. The adult insect is nearly half an inch long and is brightly marked with black and orange. It migrates in great droves in some regions to the gardens in early spring. The most practical method of controlling this insect is to make free use of trap crop. The insect prefers the radish, hence if strips of radishes are sown among the cabbage the ins

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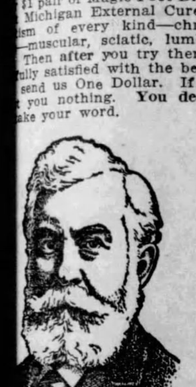

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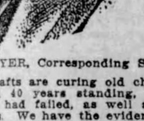

Jester Briton's Apology.

...verses on Lincoln in Punch ... of May 6, 1865.

... a wreath on murdered Lin-...'s bier, ...bb, with mocking pencil wont ...trace ...r the self-complacent British ...eer, ...gth of shambling limb, his ...rowed face.

...t, gnarled hands, his unkempt, ...tling hair, ...rb uncouth, his bearing ill at ...e, ... of all we prize as debonair, ...ver or will to shine, of art to ...ase.

...ose smart pen backed up the ...ooll's laugh, ...g each step as though the way ...re plain; ... so it could point its para-...aph, ...f's perplexity or people's pain.

...is corpse, that bears for wind-...g sheet ...ars and Stripes he lived to rear ...ew, ...the mourners at his head and ...t, ...currile jester, is there room for ...e?

...had lived to shame me from ... sneer, ...me my pencil and confuse my ...— ...me own this hind of princes ...et, ...fal splitter, as true born king ...men.

...ow judgment I had learned to ...e ...g how to occasion's height he ...e, ...quaint wit made home truth ...em more true, ...ronlike, his temper grew by ...ows.

...mble, yet how hopeful he could ...e ...good fortune and in ill the ...me; ...er in success, nor boastful he, ...y for gold, nor feverish for ...nt.

...t about his work—such work ... few ...ad laid on head and heart and ...nd— ...who knows, where there's a ...e to do, ...honest will must Heaven's ...ed grace command.

...ew up, a destined work to do, ...ved to do it; four long suffer-...g years ...l feeling, fill report, lived ...rough, ...en he heard the hisses change ... cheers.

...nts to tribute, the abuse to ...ail, ...both with the same un-...ering mood; ...e came on light from darkling ...e stood, ...eemed to touch the goal from ...ere he stood,

...hand, between the goal and ...m, ...ed from behind his back, a trig-...e prest— ...perplexed and patient eyes ...e dim, ...gaunt, long laboring limbs ...re laid to rest!

...ds of mercy were upon his ...a, ...eness in his heart and on his ...s vile murderer brought swift ...lipse ...ights of peace on earth, good ...ll to men.

...world and the new, from sea ...sea, ...one voice of sympathy and ...ame! ...art, so stopped when it at last ...at high, ...fe, cut short just as its tri-...ph came.

Alaska's Problem.

Tribune.

...with more than 600,000 square ... territory, has virtually 200,000 ...iles untouched by the explorer. ...96 it produced almost $20,000,000 ...f minerals, $19,000,000 of which ...

...of transportation in the territory ...greatest factor keeping back its ... in these 600,000 square ...re are only 452 miles of wagon ...miles of sled road and 255 miles ...ed trails. It has only 300 miles ...ad, a considerable portion of ...out of repair and idle, and only ...of new road was built in 1908. ...st of transportation has made it ...le to work any but the richest of ...deposits in many sections of the ... Supplies must be furnished the ...communities, and except in those ...mps where the gold deposits are ...y rich, difficult of transporta-...e supplies prohibitive. Alaska is ...a new era in transportation facil-

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1 Your real name and postoffic address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subjects. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nod to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

GAME LAWS

Will you please publish the game laws of Michigan and Wisconsin?—B. H. B., Union City, Ind.

The open seasons for hunting game in Michigan are as follows:

Deer, from November 10 to December 1, with local exceptions.

Squirrel and quail, from October 15 to December 1.

Elk, antelope, moose and caribou can be hunted until 1913.

Grouse, prairie chicken, wild turkey and pheasant, until 1910.

Woodcock, duck, goose, swan, plover, snipe and rail, from September 1 to January 2.

The open seasons in Wisconsin are:

Deer from November 11 to December 1, with local exceptions.

Elk, antelope, moose and carbou at all times.

Squirrel from September 1 to March 1.

Rabbit from September 1 to May 1.

Quail can be hunted till October 1, 1915.

Grouse and prairie chicken, from October 1 to October 15, with local exceptions.

Pheasant, until October 1, 1915.

Woodcock, plover, snipe and rail, from September 1 to December 1.

Duck, from September 1 to January 1, goose, from September 1 to May 1, and swan, all the time.

CAVE OF MACHPELAH

Please give a description of the cave of Machpelah.—O. P. K., Defiance, Iowa.

The cave of Machpelah, which was situated on the western slope of a hill in Hebron, is one of the Bible sites that are positively known. A large structure called El Haran, or The Sacred Inclosure, surrounds the ancient cave. It stands high up the slope on the eastern side of the valley. The outer wall is 194 feet long, 109 feet wide, and from 48 to 58 feet high. The stones are of enormous size, some of them 30 to 38 feet in length and four feet thick, and they are dressed and fitted with great care. It is not certainly known when this wall was built, but it is generally believed by scholars that it was erected by the Jews, probably about the time of David or Solomon. Within the inclosure of the wall is a building which is supposed to have been built for a Christian church in the time of the Emperor Justinian, but it is now used as a Mohammedan mosque, and all this country is now under Mohammedan rule. Visitors are rigidly excluded from this building, but the sultan of Turkey has given special permission to certain members of the royal families of Europe to enter. The Prince of Wales was admitted in 1862, and was accompanied by Dean Stanley, who published a full description of the visit. In separate apartments of the mosque the visitors were shown tombs or cenotaphs purporting to be those of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah and Leah. These tombs were of stone, and overhung with cloth embroidered with gold and silver. Joseph's tomb was a structure on the west side of the haram. Between the tombs of Isaac and Rebekah was a circular opening into the cavern below, which is supposed to be the real cave of Machpelah, but into this cavern no one was allowed to enter. The Mostems declare that no one has gone into this cavern for 600 years, and they believe that anyone attempting to go into it will be instantly struck dead. It is thought to be quite possible that the embalmed body of Jacob may be found in the cave, and explorers have desired to enter it, but the superstitions of the Mohammedans prevent this.

CHEMISTRY

Will you tell me, as much as space will permit, about the science of chemistry?—D. A. W., Fingal, N. D.

Chemistry is that branch of natural science which treats of changes which bodies undergo when they are influenced by affinity. Changes that do not alter the properties of substances—such as the falling of a body by gravity, or its expansion by heat—belong to physics (natural philosophy). In chemical changes, again, the properties of the substances are permanently altered. Thus when a piece of iron is exposed to damp air, it is converted into rust, owing to the union with it of the oxygen of the air. Chemistry, then, may be most simply defined as that branch of natural sciences which considers first, the combination of different substances to form a third body, with properties unlike either of its components; and second, the separation from a compound substance of the more simple bodies present in it, and considering that the steps of the combination and decomposition of substance can never be correctly understood without an intimate knowledge of the properties of substances, it follows that the science of chemistry must likewise take into notice the description of all the simplest, as well as the most complex bodies.

TARIFF RATES

Will you please give the tariff rates on woolen and cotton products, hides, leather, shoes, fruits of different varieties, coal oil, furniture, sugar, rice, cured meats, eggs and carpets?—W. N. D., Mt. Vernon, Mo.

As far as we know, there is no tariff on rice or furniture. There are too many woolen, cotton, lumber and leather goods listed to give the tariff on each one in the space we have at our command. If you want the rates on any of these goods, you must mention the products separately. For example, in cotton goods the rates vary as to the quality of the goods. A piece of cotton not exceeding a hundred threads to the square inch has one duty, and a piece exceeding a hundred has another duty. The duty on a piece of lumber is one amount if the piece is planed on one side and a different amount if it is planed on two sides. The duty on hides of cattle, raw or uncured, whether dry, salted or pickled, was 15 per cent under the old law and is now free of duty, with the provision that on and after October 1, 1909, grain, buff and split leather shall pay a duty of 7½ per cent ad valorem; that all boots and shoes, made wholly or in chief value of leather from cattle hides and cattle skins of whatever weight, of cattle of the bovine species, including calfskins, shall pay a duty of 10 per cent ad valorem; that harness, saddles and saddlery, in sets or in parts, finished or unfinished, composed wholly or in chief value of leather, shall pay a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem. Boots and shoes were 25 per cent under the old law and 15 per cent under the new. The tariff on figs was 2 cents a pound under the Dingley law, and is now 1½ cents per pound; on oats it was ½ cent a pound and is now 1 cent; on grapes it was 30 cents a cubic foot and is 25 cents a cubic foot; on lemons, 1 cent a pound and is now 1½ cents a pound; on pineapples in barrels or other packages it was 7 cents a cubic foot and is now 8 cents; on pineapples in bulk it was $7 a thousand and is now $8. The tariff on bacon and hams was 5 cents a pound and is now 4 cents. The tariff on sugar of No. 16, and all sugar that has gone through a process of refining, was 1.95 cents a pound and is now 1.91 cents. Sugar from the Philippine islands, except in excess of 300,000 gross tons in any fiscal year, is admitted free of duty under the new law. Preference in the right of free entry of sugar shall be given first to producers of less than 500 gross tons in any fiscal year, then to producers of the lowest output in excess of 500 tons annually. Under the old law, the rate on sugar from the Philippines was 75 per cent of the rates of duty imposed on sugar importations from elsewhere. The duty on dried eggs was not enumerated under the old law, but it is now 15 cents a pound. There were countervailing rates on the importation of crude and refined oil under the old law, while now both oils are admitted free of duty. The duty on carpets, carpeting, mats and rugs made of flax, hemp, jute or other vegetable fiber except cotton was 5 cents a square yard and 35 per cent and is now 4 cents a square yard and 30 per cent if the face value of the product does not exceed 15 cents a square yard. If the value exceeds 15 cents a square yard the duty was 10 cents a square yard and 35 per cent and is now 8 cents per square yard and 30 per cent.

LAVA IN VOLCANOES

Where does the lava from the volcanoes come from?—C. D. A., Free-Port, O.

The phenomena of volcanoes may be best understood by considering they are openings connected with spaces containing molten rock, which is forced upward in the crater by the action of steam or of permanent gases, or in some cases probably by movements of the earth's crust. The hypotheses which have been proposed to explain the origin of volcanoes are manifold. One assumption is, that the earth's interior holds in an unoxidized condition silicon and the metalic basis of the earth and alkalies, which if brought in contact with the water of the ocean would react violently with it, generating a great amount of heat and giving rise to the elements of the silicated minerals which make up the volcanic rocks, at the same time liberating in gaseous compounds the chlorine and the sulphur of the sea salts, together with free hydrogen. These, with aqueous vapors, by their elasticity, would rend the earth's crust. Some geologists adopt the view that the earth was originally in a fused condition, and that the interior is still intensely heated, and probably consists, at least to a great depth, of oxidized minerals not very unlike in composition to those at the surface. Some suppose that these materials immediately beneath a crust of no great thickness still remain in a state of igneous fusion, and are arranged in two layers, the lighter of feldspathic matter corresponding to the trachytes, and the heavier and inferior layer having the composition of the dolerites. From these two liquid strata it is imagined that the various volcanic rocks are ejected by movements in the earth's crust, allowing the escape from time to time of portions of the one or the other, or of admixtures of the two.

ALBANIA

Please give an account of the province of Albania.—G. W., Bliss, N. Y.

Albania is an extensive region in west European Turkey between the Adriatic sea, Greece, Macedonia and Montenegro. Northern Albania corresponds to the ancient Illyria of the Romans, and the southern part to the ancient Epirus. Albania forms the southwestern portion of the remaining immediate possessions of European Turkey, and extends along the western shore of the Balkan peninsula, from the river Bojana to the gulf of Arta. The eastern boundary is a mountain range which attains a great height. West of this range are parallel chains which inclose long, elevated valleys sinking to level strips along the coast, which mostly consist of unhealthy swamps and lagoons. The highlands advance to the sea forming rocky coasts. There are three important lakes and four principal rivers in this province. The climate is fine and the soil is favorable, but the people seem little inclined to agriculture. In the north little is cultivated except maize, with some rice and barley in the valleys; the mountain terraces are used for pasture of numerous herds of cattle and sheep. The valleys of the south are set out in fruit, while timber grows on the mountain ridges. The inhabitants are a peculiar people, called by the Turks Arnauts, and by themselves Skihetar. They are half-civilized mountaineers, frank to a friend, vindictive to an enemy. They are constantly under arms and devote themselves more to robbery than to raising cattle and farming. Their life is a perpetual anarchy, every village being at war with its neighbor. Many of them serve as mercenary to other countries, and they are the best soldiers in the Turkish army. At one time the Albanians were all Christians, but when they were conquered by the Turks they became Mohammedans. Their language is one of the eight chief Indo-Germanic groups, and represents the ancient Illyrian.

INDIAN SUMMER

Please explain the causes of the Indian summer.G. P. U., Jenners, Pa.

The Indian summer is a period of warm, pleasant weather, which usually occurs every year over the northern portion of the United States after the autumnal storms, and continues often without interruption two or three weeks. It appears to be a more decided season in the interior than near the coast, and in the region of the great lakes is especially noticeable, the waters during its continuance remaining placid, and the atmosphere filled with a peculiar haziness. The Indians regarded it as the gift of their most honored deity, the god of southwest, who sends the southwest winds, and to whom they believe their souls go after their decease.

U. S. NAVY YARDS

Please give the location and the number of the United States navy yards.—S. C. B., Parsons, Pa.

The navy yards are where the United States constructs and repairs her war vessels, coasters and revenue cutters. The yard signifies the enclosed ground around the docks and wharves, which are stored the material used in construction and repair. The navy yards of the United States are located as follows: Brooklyn navy yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charleston navy yard, Boston, Mass.; Gospert navy yard, near Norfolk, Va.; Kittery navy yard, opposite Portsmouth, N. H.; League Island navy yard, seven miles below Philadelphia; Mare Island navy yard, near San Francisco; New London naval station, New London, Conn.; Pensacola navy yard, Pensacola, Fla.; Washington City navy yard, Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL BANKS

Will you please give an account of the national banking system?—H. B., Theressa, Fla.

The first bank in this country was in Philadelphia in 1780, and the bank of North America was planned for 1781 and opened 1782. The Massachusetts bank was incorporated 1783; that of New York was chartered 1791, although since 1784 under Alexander Hamilton's "Articles of Association," it had been doing business. Alexander Hamilton also originated a plan for a United States bank with a capital of $10,000,000, three-fourths to be paid in United States stock at six per cent., which plan was adopted and approved by Washington in 1791. The bank was reorganized in 1816 with a capital of $35,000,000, the United subscribing $7,000,000 with interest at 6 per cent., but in consequence of a general financial depression was the next year(1792) in great danger of failure. The United States legislature refusing to renew the charter, a state bank, called the United States bank, was chartered in Pennsylvania, and eventually failing, the whole account was settled in 1856. The $28,000,000 deposited by share-holders was totally lost, while the government realized $6,082,167 upon its investment of stock. State banks were afterwards chartered in the interest of individual and dominant political parties. The charters were sometimes fraudulently obtained and currency issued to three times the amount of their capital, and in 1814, 1837 and 1857, many of them suspended payment, a reform movement in bank currency was inaugurated in fund system" recommended by Mr. Van Buren, adopted 1829.

In 1838 the "Erie Bank Act" passed the New York legislature which authorized any number of persons to form a bank association subject to certain specific conditions and liabilities. Banks may now be organized by any number of persons over five, with a capital of at least a $100,000, unless in cities in less than 6,000 inhabitants, when a capital of $50,000 is needed, while if the population is over 50,000 the capital must exceed $200,000. One-third of the capital must be invested in United States bonds and circulating notes to the amount of 90 per cent. may be issued upon this. In 1874 an act provided for the deposition with the Treasurer of sums of not less than $9,000 and the withdrawal of bonds as security; another, 1875, authorized an issue of circulating notes, unlimited in extent but commanded the retirement of legal tender notes, till they should be reduced to $300,000,000. The New York banks were required to hold one-quarter of their deposits and circulation as a reserve fund, others to hold 15 per cent for the same purpose. But this provision was repealed in 1874. The interest at which National banks may loan money is regulated by the laws of the state, but where none such is stated 7 per cent has been generally understood. The surplus of the banks was in 1865, $50,000,000, and in 1877, $130,000,000. One thousand six hundred and twelve state banks have been turned into national banks, and have brought $40,000,000 into the system. One per cent tax is annually paid upon the circulation of the bank, and one-half per cent upon their capital not in United States bonds.

MATCHES

Will you please tell of what matches are made?—O. D., Auburn, Ark.

At present the name match, or friction match, is usually applied to a splinter of wood, tipped with some combustible material which will ignite on being rubbed against either a specially prepared or any rough surface. In 1836 the first improved friction matches were made in the United States by Alonzo Phillips, of Springfield, Mass. The body of these matches is usually of wood, but some, called vestas, are of very thin wax taper strips. The composition consists of phosphorus and niter, or phosphorus, sulphur, and chlorate of potash, mixed with melted gum or glue and colored with vermillion soot, or other coloring material. The safety match put on the market in 1855 differs from the ordinary match in having the phosphorus omitted from the composition applied to the match and combined instead with sand to form a friction surface on the match box, where the matches must be rubbed in order to be lighted.

THE REBEL FLAG

Please describe the rebel flag adopted by the southern states.—A. D., Deepwater, Tex.

The Confederacy had four flags, by the way, besides the various state flags carried by some of the regiments. The familiar "stars and bars" was adopted in March, '61, while the capital of the Confederacy was still at Montgomery, and first waved above the old state house of Alabama. There were three horizontal bars, two red and one white, with nine white stars in a circle on a union in the upper left-hand corner. This was so much like the old grid-iron that it led to confusion and mistakes in the field, and in September of the same year a battle flag was adopted—a red flag with thirteen white stars displayed in blue stripes crossing the red flag diagonally, the whole having a narrow white border. In 1863 the "stars and bars" was supplanted by a flag with a white field, having the battle flag in the corner for a union, and on February 4, 1865, in order that this might not be mistaken for a flag of truce, the outer half of the field beyond the union was covered with a vertical red stripe. This was the last flag of the Confederacy.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. J. E., Duquesne, Pa.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you would like to acquire.

B. F. D., Indiana, Pa.: We cannot answer your question.

W. F. B., Towle, Cal.: Write to the librarian of congress at Washington, D. C., for information concerning the copywright law.

W. L. B., Crooksville, O.: G-a-r-a-g-e is the correct spelling of the word garage. This word is French.

W. O. B., Statesville, N. C.: We cannot give you the area of the ground over which the vatican extends.

A. J., St. Paul, Neb.: We do not know how it was recorded when Methuselah was living. The people then did not have much use to know what time of day it was.

R. G. B., Newville, Cal.: Water can only rise in a siphon to the height of 34 feet, therefore you could not carry the water over the embankment you speak about.

J. E. J., Lebanon Junction, Ky.: See some reliable pension attorney for the answer to your question.

R. E. M., Newton Grove, N. C.: There are 24 different religious sects in this country besides many divisions of some of these sects.

W. P., Chesaning, Mich.: We have very good authority for the birth of Sir Walter Scott being about August 4, 1771. The almanac which says otherwise is wrong.

The Child in the Garden

When to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter and explore
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom inwrought,
And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
It dared to tread the garden, loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown, and found unsought.
Then just within the gate I saw a child—
A strange child, yet to my heart most dear—
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear;
"Come in," he said, "and play awhile with me;
I am the little child you used to be."
Henry Van Dyke.

Reducing One's Weight.

New York Press.

It is unsafe, often highly dangerous, to reduce weight by any means whatsoever more than two pounds a week for any number of weeks. Most European water cures are fakes. Not the water cures, but discipline, which often is excellent for greedy, stupid people.

King Edward goes to Marienbad once a year and drops thirty-odd pounds, and picks them up again before he is back in London. Such cure for obesity is the lazy man's cure, and, as Sir Boyle Roche would say, it is no cure at all.

When big Jim Jeffries had a notion of mopping up the ring with the black conqueror of Tommy Burns he announced he would "take the cure" at Carlsbad. That word was enough for the sophisticated, and they grabbed all the bets that the once mighty Jeff never would climb through the ropes. The real reducers are exercise and temperance.

We don't exercise enough. Our young men in college beat the world as athletes. They are graduated, enter business and settle down to be fat men at thirty. Theodore Roosevelt knew what he was talking about when he charged New York men with having soft bodies, and he might have included women, too. We have ten plump women against every one in Europeon cities. We eat too much and we loaf too much. We don't walk enough. When we go away for the summer we leave all the exercising to the young folk. We sit on painted benches or in wicker rockers and applaud their agility on the tennis court, and we never think of taking a hand ourselves. Go out and take a tennis racquet in your hand. Go out in the surf and stick there until your bones and your muscles ache, and then come in and press yourself in under a cold shower. A douse of cold water every morning instead of the tepid bath would keep down the fat, even if we never did a tap of work.

COUNTY OF A THOUSAND KEYS

Made Up of Groups of Islands and South End of the United States.

Jacksonville Times-Union.

Monroe county is the most unique county in the state, if not in the United States. The larger portion of the county is made up of a group of islands or, as they are called, keys, both on the east and west coasts. The only part of Monroe county on the mainland is the Cape Sable country, the extreme south end of the United States on the mainland.

The larger portion of this land is what is known as the Everglades, and but a limited number of acres are now under cultivation. What effect the proposed drainage of the Everglades will have in Monroe county is not known, but it is doubtful if any large areas will be drained because of the flatness of the country and being so near sea level. In the vicinity of Cape Sable there are large bodies of rich alluvial land and a considerable quantity has been under cultivation for several years past.

All kinds of tropical and semi-tropical fruit trees grow luxuriantly on the keys and bear full crops of fruit each year. Every key is surrounded with water and the great portions of them have clean white sand beaches with bluffs varying in height above high water mark. All of these building sites are in full view of either the ocean, gulf or bays.

Revival of the Guideboard.

Boston Transcript.

In many towns and counties now a white-painted stone post gives in clear black letters at every fork in the roads a list of towns hardly less formidable than those on the train bulletins of a railroad terminal. At a glance the traveler may see his way along for 50 miles. Sometimes the automobile associations are themselves responsible for information disseminating guideboards of different construction, but equally useful. The necessity of providing a new class of travelers with a new sort of facts has been back of the movement for guideboard rehabilitation. The contrast in this respect makes it easy to distinguish the regions of horse-drawn vehicles content with a next-town directions, and those places which have felt the era of the automobile. A lesson in local geography is carried in every such guideboard. Perhaps this revival of the guideboard is but a return to conditions that prevailed before the days of the railroad.

When the Boat Upset.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Helen—"Of course he clasped you in his arms when the boat upset?"

Hazel—"No; just the opposite."

Helen—"Just the opposite? What do you mean?"

Hazel—"Why, the boat upset when he clasped me in his arms."

Eating in Olden Days.

London Chronicle.

Even at so late a period as the Restoration, 1160, it was the custom for the guests to take their own knives and forks to an English banquet. Pepys records that he did this when he went to the lord mayor's feast in the Guildhall. In the previous reign the lord chamberlain had found it necessary to issue regulations for the benefit of the officers invited to dine at the royal table. They were required to wear clean boots, not to be half drunk on their arrival, not to drink more than one goblet to every two dishes, not to throw the bones under the table, nor to lick their fingers.

The Stuarts undoubtedly did much to refine English table manners, for it was one of the points admired in Mary Queen of Scots that the customs she introduced from France made her court and royal banquets more exquisite and genteel than those of her rival, Queen Elizabeth. As forks came into use, the old-time importance of the table napkin began to wane. From being a necessity it became a luxury, on the fastidious use of which etiquette has at various times placed strange values.

Under the third empire in France St. Beuve brought disgrace upon himself because at breakfast at the Tuileries he carelessly opened his napkin and placed it over his two knees. To this he added the crime of cutting his egg in two at the middle. Court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee, and the top of the egg was to be merely broken with the edge of the spoon and drained with the tip of the spoon.

For his failings in these respects St. Beuve's name was struck off the imperial visiting list.

To a Grasshopper.

Thou art cadaverous in the extreme,
And hungry looking, viewed from fore to aft,
Yet in thy boiler thou hast wondrous steam
To propel thy slim, long-legged craft.

Thy leaps are marvels! Aimed due north or east,
Thou landest westward where one thinkest not.
Dost thou then eat self-raising flour or yeast
That thou canst reach at once so far a spot?

I watch thee daily skipping through the grass,
Perched on a fence or hopping toward the moon;
Yet thou returnest to the ground, alas!
To squash thy person on my gown full soon.

And as I marvel thy far-reaching gait
I feel some pity through my senses steal,
To see a hen, with one gulp, end thy fate,
And then to think how that poor hen must feel!
—New York Times.

The Amphibicycle.

Chicago Tribune.

The amphibicycle is equally at home in water and on land. It is the invention of a Frenchman of Lyons, and has a pair of cylindrical floats, a propeller, and a rudder. On leaving the water the cylinders and nautical gear are lifted so as to allow the wheel to run on the ground. The cyclist can then pedal his machine in the usual way. As the cylinders can be made of thin sheet metal, they need not be heavy. In the water the machine makes 5 or 6 miles an hour.

The floats, which end in a conical point, are attached to the bicycle frame by jointsmitted supports so that they can be raised and lowered as desired, and can be fastened in place when the cycle is on the road. For operating a propeller a rubber-covered friction wheel is employed which is behind the tire in the rear cycle wheel, the small wheel's motion being transmitted by a bevel gearing to the propeller shaft. By using the proper combination of gearing the propeller can be reversed.

A small rudder is mounted at the front and is controlled by a rod passing from the front cycle fork into the water. The two cylinders are braced across by a rod in the rear of the machine. The amphibicycle, as constructed at present, weighs about 270 pounds, and is about eight feet long and three feet and six inches wide. The cylinders are about one foot in diameter.

Soul and Body.

Where wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling place? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds await this body's birth?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn?
Didst thou in sorrow enter or in mirth?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn?

Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee; well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky;
For with my body's growth thou, too, didst grow;
But with that body's death wilt thou, too, die?
I know not and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together—thou and I.
—Samuel Waddington.

Webster, "the Godlike."

Boston Transcript.

A correspondent asks why Daniel Webster was called "the godlike," notwithstanding that some of his characteristics "were very much of the earth, earthy." Webster was the object of an idolatry such as has been lavished upon few statesmen of modern times, and his eulogists vied with one another in eulogium. We do not understand that those who called him "the godlike" likened him to the deity, but to one of those inhabitants of high Olympus who had human frailties, and occasionally descended to earth to exhibit "amiable weaknesses." The Webster eulogists may have seen something Jovian in his port, or Apollo-like in his gifts, or the eye of Mars. Webster's appearance was profoundly impressive—the magnificent head, the deep, splendid eyes, that seemed at once to fathom and absorb; the body that expressed the power of great physique. To many who saw him it seemed that this magnificent tabernacle contained a spirit that transcended the powers of common praise, and hence the excess of laudation which puzzles our correspondent.

Comparative Values.

Judge's Library.

There is in our neighborhood a hard-working, original-minded woman who weaves rugs and carpets to support a good-sized family. One of her patrons visited her the other day and commented on the delicious odors that came from a big pot on the stove, to which the good woman responded, in a pleased tone:

"It's a b'iled dinner. You know we have a b'iled dinner every day, 'most, for father ain't got no teeth left and he can't chew anything with a real bite to it. And s'longs he's 84 his last birthday and store teeth comes so high, it just seems like it would hardly pay him to get a set for the sake of a little chewin'."

A Tall Corn Story.

Kansas City Journay.

This is said to have been in a letter written home by an eastern visitor:

"Most of the Kansas streets are paved, grains of corn being used for cobblestones, while the cobs are hollowed out for sewer-pipe. The husk, when taken off whole and stood on end, makes a nice tent for the children to play in. It sounds queer to hear the feed-man tell the driver to take a dozen grains of horse-feed over to Jackson's livery stable. If it were not for soft, deep soil here, I don't see how they would ever harvest the corn, as the stalks would grow up as high in the air as a Methodist church steeple. However, when the ears get too heavy, their weight presses the stalk down in the ground on an average of 92 feet, and thus brings the ear near enough to the ground to be chopped off with an ax."

What He Meant.

Washington Star.

Nathan Straus, discussing the absurd difficulties that confront sanitists in their endeavor to pass laws compelling the pasteurization of milk, said:

"The legislators who oppose this law bring forward arguments about as weak as that of the Maine milkman.

"A lady, summering in Maine, said to her milkman, severely:

"'Look here, this milk of yours is half water and half chalk. What do you mean by advertising it as pure?'

"'Madam,' said the milk manufacturer, with reproachful dignity, 'to the pure all things are pure.'"

GIRLS' FARM SCHOOL

Mrs. Lanier Teaches How to Make Hay and Keep House.

If you catch sight of a flapping pink sunbonnet, the steely gleam of a pitchfork, near Elliot, Me., and discover that there is not only one sunbonnet and one pitchfork, but a whole bevy of them, know that you are approachring the girls' farm school, which Mrs. Sidney Lanier, Jr., wife of the southern poet, is carrying on this summer.

To counteract the almost universal tendency in America of young women to take up stenography and typewriting or else crowd the ranks of teachers, Mrs. Lanier has started a movement similar to that of the countess of Warwick, who has opened a farm school near her castle in England.

The girls who go there take regular courses in farming. They learn to make hay and do the work, or the lighter portions of it, with the dexterity of men. They also learn to be good housekeepers and homemakers, and they are taught to do their work for the good of the whole community.

In speaking of the scope of the work Mrs. Lanier says:

"A dairy school has been established, where butter making it taught and where dairying in all its branches is presented by an expert. This is an occupation that women are especially fitted to take up, and there are many allied branches, such as poulary raising and the like, that can be carried on in connection with pleasure and profit.

"I have all too frequently seen the fearful struggle made by young women—and men, too—in the cities to keep their heads above water. Circumstances over which doubtless they had no control have placed them in a commercial atmosphere that is actually revolting to them. To work in the face of such obstacles at uncongenial occupation kills all individuality and takes away the joy of living. It is essential for some to get near to nature in order to give the best expression to their lives.

"It is this idea of social services, work of the common good, that we want to instill in our school. What we become is according to the faculties we most habitually exercise. It is very noticeable in all groups that when common work is done socially with high idealism in the background, it loses is dreary aspect. There is a tonic effect in doing common things together in the service of truth.

"The work is yet in its infancy and much has been planned, but is the sort of thing that must be developed gradually, for one misstep will be disastrous. It may take time, too, to make American girls understand that the country offers many greater advaintages than the city, not only as regards their health, but occupation and environment."

Fish Nests in Gulf Weed.

In the middle of the north Atlantic there is an area of comparatively still water almost equal to continental Europe in extent and more or less covered with floating seaweed. It was known as the Mar de Sargaco to Columbus and the early navigators, and is the Sargasso sea of modern geographers. The floating seaweed was formerly supposed to have grown near the Bahama and Florida shores and to have drifted to its present position. It is now, however, known to grow and propagate itself where it is found. In it are found globular masses of weed containing fish's eggs, and known as fish nests.

Recent investigations show that the floating weed of the Sargasso sea is the chosen breeding place of species of flying fish. The eggs found in the nests were attributed to certain species of fish found resting on them, but careful examination of the eggs shows that they really belong to flying fish. Apparently, however, the flying fish do not make the nests themselves. Each end of the egg of these fish is furnished with bunches of very long filamentary tendrils, and by means of these the finely divided branches of the Sargassun weed have been caught together in globular masses. The eggs may be said to have made their own nest.

Snow on the St. Bernard.

St. Nicholas.

At present the monastery of St. Bernard costs about $9,000 a year to keep up. This money is partly collected in Switzerland and partly derived from the revenue of the monastic order.

In the Middle Ages the monastery was stripped of all its wealth, though it still continued and continues to this day to carry out the work of St. Bernard.

Over 4,000 travelers pass this way every year, and hundreds of these at least would lose their lives were it not for the guardians of the mountain. When the first heavy snows come in September the paths are marked with posts 20 feet high. But these soon disappear and other posts are fixed on top of them and so on. Soon, the winter paths lead indifferently over enormous rocks and buried alpine huts. The greatest danger comes from the furious gales shifting the snow and making return impossible.

A Lobster That Sought Coin.

Baltimore American.

Senator Scott, of West Virginia, who has a keen sense of the ludicrous, tells this one on a constituent residing in one of the backwoods counties:

"An old fellow who had been a member of the legislature came up to shake hands with me one day in Wheeling. In the course of our talk I asked him if he were going to run for the legislature that fall. 'No, sirree; I'm not a-gwine to run fur office enny mo'. There hain't a dollar to be made out of gwine to the legislature. What I'm er gwine to do is to pack my trunk and go down to Charleston and git in that lobster game goin' on down thar when the legislature meets. Thar's whar the coin is."

The senator was of the opinion that his candid friend meant "lobbyist" when he said "lobster," but that doubtless the latter word suited him much better personally.

Some Fishermen's Luck.

London Globe.

Several instances are reported of late where fish which have broken away have been rehooked and caught, one being a trout which had the old fly and cast in its mouth.

The other day a sea angler at Newhaven hooked the same conger three times and twice had his tackle carried away. On safely landing the conger he found the hook and part of one of his broken lines attached to its tongue.

Quite a number of swallows have this season been unintentionally caught by anglers on the fly and with worms, the rest of the birds darting at the lures and hooking themselves, and one evening while an angler was after colhn trout his rod came in contact with a large bat while he was making a cast, bringing the creature to the ground and killing it.

And another unusual angling experience is reported from the Huntingdonshire Ouse. Omitting to bring his plummet, a St. Ives angler requisitioned a bicycle trouser clip, and while he was plumbing the depth a pike seized it and was hooked and safely landed.

When We Pray.

As tired children go at candle-light—
The glow in their young eyes quenched with the sun,
Almost too languid, now that play is done,
To seek their father's knee, and say "Good night"—
So, to our greater Father out of sight,
When the brief gamut of the day is run,
Defeats endured and petty triumphs won,
We kneel and listlessly His care invite.

Then, with no sense of gain—no tender thrill,
As when we leave the presence of a friend,
No lingering content our souls to steep—
But reckoning our gains and losses still,
We turn the leaf upon the dull day's end,
And, oarless, drift out to the sea of sleep.
—May Riley Smith.

Wouldn't Have a Telephone.

New London (Conn.) Dispatch to New York World.

For the first time in its history a telephone was installed Tuesday in the National Whaling Bank, of New London, and this because Sebastian D. Lawrence, who for 45 years was president of the bank, is dead. Lawrence was the last of that old family of millionaires who made fortunes in the whaling business. He died a bachelor with a fortune of over ten millions. He would not use a telephone and would not have one in his bank.

For Sale! 50,000,000 ft. of New Lumber!

Here is a chance to buy Lumber at 30 to 60 per cent less than is usually asked for it. It is absolutely brand new and first-class in every particular. We bought 50,000,000 feet from lumber mills at half the usual prices and we are giving the public the benefit of it. There is absolutely no possibility for you to go wrong in this matter. Never in twenty years has Lumber been offered at such low prices as we are selling it for now. If you do not take advantage of this chance, you are certainly missing a splendid opportunity. We will quote you freight prepaid price to your railroad shipping point.

Send Us Your Lumber Bill for Estimate

Include in your list every single article you need to build or improve. It makes no difference whether you need a

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 240,000

THE BLADE WATCH PREMIUM.

For some years we have awarded monthly an Elgin or Waltham watch for the largest club of subscribers sent us during the current month, the only condition being that the club be more than 50 names.

We shall continue this plan during the coming year, and this week we send to A. C. Bartlebach, Grampian, Pa., a premium watch for his club of 112 names sent us last month. The present month promises better opportunities for large clubs, and we hope to receive many clubs of 100 or more.

Nobody has as yet suggested the Wright boys for President in 1912.

Whatever is the matter with Mr. E. H. Harriman, he can afford to have it.

Everybody who is physically able should take a vacation at least once a year.

His wife being away on a visit, King Alfonso has grown a set of whiskers.

Harry Thaw probably can't understand why Mr. Jerome is allowed to run at large.

One of the best things said about the new tariff is that European nations do not like it.

The state of Kansas has become so prosperous and happy that it is going to prohibit profanity.

Somebody wants to know who coined the word "julep." Must have been Henry Watterson.

Edward VII. has been king for seven years, and he can't think of any job he would rather have.

The New York state Democratic party is going to meet and pinch itself to see if it is alive.

Many Ohioans will feel much obliged to Senator Dick for being a candidate for re-election.

It is worth while noting that no candidates for appointment are beating President Taft at golf.

Turkey wishes it understood that it can turn Greece over its knee any time it needs the exercise.

We may all have an opinion of the man who allows a bulldog to lead him around at the end of a strap.

The big game in Africa is rapidly disappearing, say the scientists. Probably you can guess the reason.

Professor Starr says the average man looks upon marriage as a joke. But that is before he's married.

Mr. Roosevelt is going to visit a dead volcano. But for real excitement wait until he meets a live one.

The $2 bill should be eliminated. It was never of any particular convenience, except for buying votes.

When it comes to farming the United States and raising big crops, Secretary Wilson is a great success.

Democrats will sneer at returning prosperity in public and welcome it with open arms when nobody is looking.

According to census figures, the majority of church attendants are women. Hats are no attraction to men.

If, as President Taft says, Uncle Sam saves $50,000,000 this year, he will be able to take a vacation next summer.

A Chicago woman explains that she stole two shirtwaists because she was hungry. Did you ever eat a shirtwaist?

Emma Goldman makes it plain that she will not stop talking so long as there are any words in the dictionary.

Still we haven't heard that the great peon population of Mexico has taken advantage of the flood to get its face washed.

The world will know by October whether Peary has reached the North Pole or only Walter Wellmaned his expedition.

Senator Dick is determined to be a candidate for re-election. However, the man who elected him the first time is dead.

The man who tries to convince the country that Secretary Wilson is not a great farmer will have some trouble on his hands.

Speaker Cannon says the new tariff bill just suits him. Let it not be forgotten that Uncle Joe constitutes a large majority.

There is comfort and joy in the thought that we are to have a good apple yield this year. Otherwise we might have to eat Ben Davises.

Probably the man who wins in a government land lottery couldn't be induced to gamble under any circumstances. It would be against his principles.

There are 3,261 words on the Simplified Spelling Board's list. That is about the number the average school teacher would spell wrong in the course of a year.

FARMER GOVERNMENT.

The farmers' unions forming in the west and the south promise to become a powerful political force. They are not parties such as the Populist party was. Neither have they the loose and unwieldy structure of the Farmers' Alliance. They are real confederations with rules and laws and purposes agreed upon, taking their clue from the organizations of trade unions and industrial associations.

Only recently have the unions decided that their strength was sufficient to take a bold hand in politics. The farmers' union very nearly defeated Samuel D. McEnery for United States senator from Louisiana. McEnery gained the election only after announcing that he was a protectionist Democrat, thus winning over the sugar planters. The farmers' unions in Louisiana plan to force legislation for state aid against the boll weevil plague, state financing of the cotton crop, the erection of warehouses and the control, and possibly the operation, of cotton seed mills.

In Mississippi the unions are discussing the expulsion of politicians who have joined them in order to gain influence. The "gentleman farmer," too, will probably not be permitted to join, unless he can prove his living comes from the farm. However, Vardaman has succeeded in getting the union endorsement for the United States senatorship.

The cotton growers of Texas, by forming themselves into a union, have things very much their own way in the state legislature. The Texas situation is most interesting because a combination has been made with the trades unions. The power in such a coalition can hardly be grasped until it is tested at the polls.

Government by farmers in this country has not been fortunate in the past. It has existed in hard times or in periods of extreme discontent. It will be of tremendous interest to see farmer political control operating at a time when the agriculturist is famous for his prosperity.

THE COLLAPSING POINT.

A news dispatch from South Bend, Ind., will bring worry to the railroad offices of the country and raise a great doubt in the minds of inventors and mechanical engineers. A connecting rod upon a mogul locomotive broke, causing other mechanism to break, and, so the message reads, "in the final crash the big locomotive actually collapsed."

The railroads have been making mighty plunges in the last few years in striving to obtain economy of operation. An engine which could haul sixty cars, even if it consumed vastly more fuel, represented a saving over the engine which could haul but thirty. The locomotive which could make the better speed gave the line that much more leverage in the competition for passenger business. So the engines have been built bigger and bigger. One has to stand beside a locomotive of today to realize its huge proportions and to understand how length and height and power have advanced over those possessed by the locomotive of a few years since. As the engines have grown bigger, so has it been necessary to lay heavier steel and enlarge many of the tunnels and strengthen hundreds of the bridges.

The wreck at South Bend may possibly indicate that the limit has been reached in the construction of locomotives. Any material will give way if sufficient stress is put upon it. Every time the driving wheels turn something weakens, though the weakening be minute. The breaking of a connecting rod is a serious accident, and sometimes has results fatal to trainmen and passengers, but it is not unusual. But when the breaking of a connecting rod brings about the collapse of the entire mechanism, then a fault is indicated in general design and calculation of strain.

THE HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

Pittsburg, if it serves no greater purpose to society, is unsurpassed as a horrible example. It is at once the field of man's supreme conquest of the refractory earths and that of man's fiercest contempt of his fellows. It is the maker of the millionaire and of the loathsome and pitiful offspring of poverty. It is money become mad with greed and money scattered lavishly and recklessly and with spectacular vulgarity in charity and public gifts.

One strike, two or three, wherein charges of oppression and extortion are made and wherein hatred rises to the climaxe of violence, may come to any industrial community, the one being due to the natural extravagance of passion, the other to resentment and temper lost to control. But in the Pittsburg district these strikes occur periodically. They are so common that the resident thinks of them as regrettable, but not to be prevented. Conditions in the steel mills have been notoriously vicious for years. The Pittsburg Survey, made with the endowments of Mrs. Russell Sage, reported that nowhere else in the world were there greater contrasts of luxury and misery.

The time is past when the country can merely comment upon the inhumanity of mill owners and deplore the rioting of strikers. Pittsburg is hardened to its life. It harbors no pride in the reasonableness and far sightedness of its capital and none in the orderliness of its workers. There is need of the fullest governmental or state investigation, and, after that, of the passage of such laws as will cure the real evil, not simply subdue the symptoms.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

The enlightened administration of President Diaz has not succeeded, thus far, in removing that weakness of Latin-Americans for taking up arms upon the receipt of a blow to political ambitions. The Spanish character has not altogether ceased to consider the holding of office a privilege to loot the state and to distribute favors among followers. Diaz has managed to hold this spirit in abeyance. With his death or his final departure from the presidential palace it is feared that Mexico, after many years of peace, will experience a revolution which will be no less bitter and demoralizing to the country than the revolutions which have periodically shaken Central America.

General Bernardo Reyes has been considered for many years the second most popular man in Mexico. He has long been mentioned as the logical successor of Diaz. But Diaz is not friendly to him. The president has caused the creation of the office of vice president, calling it that of the "president in reserve." For this Ramon Corral was elected at Diaz's dictation. This has brought about rivalry between the forces of Reyes and Corral and if Diaz were to die or retire the two would undoubtedly make use of every resource to obtain the presidency. Neither would be likely to accept defeat at election quietly, but, as in the old days in Mexico and the present days in Central America, would immediately raise an army and attempt to seize the capital by force. Diaz's term and that of Corral expire at the end of November, 1910. Diaz is now 80 years of age and could hardly be expected, even to maintain peace in his own country, to accept another term. The fight will then center between Reyes and Corral, with, it is said, civil war, an almost inevitable sequence.

THE VOYAGING TEACHER.

In the report of one of the big transatlantic steamship companies appears a note of regret that the directors were forced, by reason of the falling off of freight business in 1908, to pass the dividend. "However," says the report, "earnings were far higher than was expected since there was no decrease in the customary traveling of American school teachers."

The public should be as grateful, as no doubt the railroads and the steamship companies are, for the taste for traveling which has developed among the school teachers in recent years. It has always been said that nothing broadens one more than judicious traveling. And nowhere in the world is a broadness of view and a true sense of culture more essential than with teachers. The teacher who keeps to narrow paths during the vacation season is apt to be as narrow in method of instruction. Teaching children and maintaining discipline at the same time make the occupation far from the pleasantest. It is important that the mental slate should be wiped clean every year of littleness and irritation, the two things which most tend to reduce the value of teachers. Traveling will do this much better than merely a rest at home, or departure to a resort where the teacher is likely to meet with fellow teachers and keep to the same habit of thought and interest.

CLOTHES AND COLOR.

The satirist has had a pleasant time mocking this age wherein men affect a leaning for clothes of dull grays and browns and blacks and yet delight to parade periodically in uniform cloth and gold lace. They joke of the staid and unassuming citizen of daylight hours who is thrilled by night to be addressed as "high worshipful master" or "exalted potentate of the universe." The color sense is merely held in taut. The weakness for title is pandered in secret.

After all there is no need for the shamefacedness over a taste for things that are bright and beautiful in this world. Life to the one who has lived rightly and healthfully and with joy in his heart is a pageant. To him everything is illumined and interesting and he can but grieve that anyone should deny the need of color and form. How much more picturesque our streets might be if at least some small part of the gorgeousness in which the city has indulged this week could be a part of the daily parade. We know that, living as we do in a cleaner and more comfortable period, the clothes of the ancients we copy and admire could make a braver show now. For history tells us that though the last king of the house of Valois wore violet velvet he powdered and rouged. The lace of Louis XIV. was stained. The husband whom La Grande Madamoiselle took, somewhat against his will, was described as "well-dressed and dowdy."

Men may shortly become a little more frank in the matter of their attire, admitting that the gay and airy and bizarre is not necessarily to be condemned, but rather to be presented as the public confession of a cheerful spirit.

THE POSTOFFICE DEFICIT.

If Postmaster General Hitchcock succeeds in making the postoffice department self-supporting, he will perform not only a great public duty, but he will also have the satisfaction of proving the smug opinion of Washington wrong, the impossible possible.

The deficit in the department for the last fiscal year was twenty millions of dollars, the largest in the history of the postal service. The business depression is held responsible for the falling off in receipts. Higher costs in handling the mails piled the expenses up. The registry department ran short three millions. A commission is now trying to find a way to make it pay for itself. The money order department is to be overhauled directly afterward. It is proposed to test a system of private contracts as a means of saving costs in the rural mail delivery service.

The postmaster general will not have an easy time of it in cutting down the shortage. He must necessarily try to drive a hole through the granite wall of politics. Congress will be unpleasant in the matter. Contracts with the railroads must be made on better terms. There will be the railroad senators and representatives to form a phalanx against the proposed economies. Those who supply the postoffice with stationery and other supplies—at costs higher than the average person in private life could obtain them—will organize their opposition. Then, too, the franking privilege must be curtailed. It is now abused outrageously, but the beneficiaries are those who vote the appropriations. Will they take kindly to Postmaster General Hitchcock's interference? Hardly.

The average person will wish Mr. Hitchcock good luck, but will nourish a large and sensible doubt.

THE GOOD ROAD.

The coming of the automobile has seriously complicated the good roads movement in the United States. The road makers had worked out the costs and effectiveness of highways in detail until a new form of locomotion appeared. Then it became apparent that the motor car was more destructive to macadam and the modifications of the macadam principle than narrow tires and threshing engines. The rubber tires pulled the fine stone from between the larger stones, lay the road open to the forces of the winds and the rains and rendered life within dust blowing distance nearly unbearable.

This county is now making repairs to roads which the commissioners hope will offset the destructive properties of the automobile. Heavy stone and light stone are used alternately so as to obtain a good binding foundation, and over the whole is poured hot tar, fine stone then being sprinkled upon the roadway to prevent the tar being torn off in lumps and with it the macadam.

A roadway of this kind must naturally be but an experiment for a time. No one is prepared to say whether tar will solve the problem or not. In some counties in this state macadam has been abandoned and brick substituted. This gives a more lasting road, and when in good repair is more satisfactory than asphalt to automobilists, since skidding is not so liable, but brick is harder upon horse flesh than stone, noisier and more expensive. The ideal pavement for rural districts is yet to be found.

A DISCOURAGING CAUSE.

The new spellers have operated upon 3,261 words so far and have in mind still more heroic treatment of English orthography.

Among the condensed offerings are all words containing ea in which the a is not pronounced, as "head" and "spread" and "read." Past forms with ed have been subjected to the removal of the e, as "the memory of the just is blessd." Then ice, pronounced is, is made to spell that way, thus, "a cornis maker suffers from jaundis."

It is impossible not to feel the greatest sympathy with this movement to reduce English spelling to something like gentleness and amenability to rules and regulations. Spelling, as one spells, is at most a precarious ground, calling more for carefulness in a person's correctness than for conviction that a person is right. Yet there appears to exist no importunate demand for reform. People are fairly satisfied with the old, haphazard and unscientific style. A periodical of high standing among religious folk tried the new spelling for two years, recently abandoning it, because some subscribers protested, and others, apparently unaware of the institution of the Simplified Spelling Board, wrote and suggested the discharge of the proofreaders.

A reform agitation among a people content, if corrupt, is so much effort wasted. The missionary fails in any land where the seeds of conversion are absent.

"THE ROOF OF THE WORLD."

The duke of the Abruzzi, according to a dispatch from Rome, is preparing to follow up his successes in mountain climbing among the Himalayas with an attempt to scale the huge sides of the greatest peak of all, Mount Everest.

The duke of the Abruzzi has conquered many heights in addition to penetrating far into the polar regions, not to mention the achievement of an international romance. Only recently he climbed one of the lesser summits of the Himalayas and corrected the maps and scientific data of earlier explorers.

Mount Everest is the north pole among the mountains. Many persons have essayed its terrible chasms and fearful precipices, but have been forced to quit before the rock and rarified air and extreme cold. Many interesting schemes have been suggested for overcoming the difficulties of Everest. One suggested by Landor, calls for special physical training and a course of gradual acclimatization.

Andrew Waugh, a naturalist who explored the Himalayas in 1845, first made it plain that Mount Everest was higher than any other mountain in the world. Its height, he estimated, at 5½ miles, a calculation which has not been loudly disputed. No one, in fact, has been in position to disagree with Waugh. Abruzzi may be able to tell more than anyone else about this "rocky girdle of the globe."

MOVING THE CROPS.

The railroads are striving to gain every pound of freight they possibly can when the crops of the west begin to move eastward. Surplus cars are rushed toward the Mississippi and Missouri valleys and efforts are made to cover the sections in which serious car shortages have been experienced.

According to the American Railway association there were 159,424 idle cars in the country on August 18, the date of the latest report. This was a decrease of 93,579 over the corresponding date of last year. The most important decrease was in box cars, amounting to 21,141. There are about 80,000 surplus box cars now, of which half are in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. A large percentage of the remainder is in other agricultural districts awaiting the appearance of grain at the elevators.

The relationship of the car surplus to the state of business is made apparent by a glance at the statistics of the American Railway association. The records show that in April, 1908, nearly a half million cars were standing upon the side tracks of the railroads. By August this number had been reduced to 253,003. Business was reviving, merchandise was moving and the companies were beginning to consider the handling of the greatest crops so far produced in America.

PANAMA AND THE PESSIMISTS.

An earthquake in Panama sent the clerks in the canal administration building flying to the street in alarm. It had quite another effect in the offices of a score or so of obstructionists in the states. Here the earthquake set cheeks aglow with delight and pens to writing. "I told you so."

The earth tremor, the dispatches report, did no damage to the canal, but the railroad people of the old blockading school and those who refuse to credit Roosevelt with any public service of merit will never believe the reassuring messages. They have been given an excuse to shout and to wave their red blankets. The outworn and disproved stories of the prevalence of earthquakes in the canal zone will be revived, refurbished and sent out anew by newspaper and press agent mendacity. It is nothing to these professional pessimists that the arch of a church in the city of Porto Bello, sacked and burned by Morgan in the seventeenth century, stands as firmly as it ever did, though 40 pounds of dynamite would bring it down. It is nothing that measures have been taken by the most cautious engineers in the world to guard against damage by earthquake. They have that meagre dispatch from Panama and that is sufficient for their whoops.

National honor is committed to the building of the canal. Neither selfish and blind railroad interests can halt the work, nor the stampeding tactics of the anti-Roosevelt press. In the minds of the country the achievement is all but performed. Three years will probably see the last shovelful thrown from the excavation, three more years, the completion of the locks, the dams, the breakwaters and harbor construction.

MILK.

Sixteen per cent of the food of American families consists of milk and cream, and yet two-thirds of all the milk produced and for sale is used for the manufacture of butter and cheese. It takes 20 gallons a year to supply the needs of each person in the country, about a quart a day for each family of five members.

States and municipalities perform one of the most important duties of government when they keep close watch upon the condition of milk offered for sale. In spite of the worthiness of milk as human food, its necessity for children and invalids, it has the disadvantage of possessing qualities permitting the rapid reproduction of disease germs. There are many ways in which bacteria may come in contact with milk, either directly from a cow suffering from disease or from a milker who is himself afflicted. Polluted water used in washing cans and bottles may leave a coating of germs which multiply at an enormous rate when milk is placed therein. Germs in the air of an ill-ventilated stable, germs at handling stations and at the stores of retailers can distribute disease. The inspection by city functionaries may work hardship to the dairy farmer, but it may at the same time prevent an epidemic. The requirements of the law are sometimes difficult to meet, since the quality of milk may vary from day to day in the same herd, but it is manifestly necessary that a food which goes to every family should be uniformly nourishing and healthful. At the same time care must be taken that the laws are not construed by stupid and blackmailing officials so as to work persecution.

THE FARM AND THE SCHOOL.

The Little Red Schoolhouse has been glorified in rhyme and eulogized in speech and prose. Great men came from its portals and a noble spirit of patriotism was bred upon its uncomfortable benches. But the Little Red Schoolhouse was a very crude home of wisdom. It is blessed in American history because many who achieved greatness gained their early schooling there. But these were few as compared with the numbers who attended. The mighty would have succeeded in spite of the shortcomings. The average was not lifted.

The Little Red Schoolhouse has been undergoing a revolution in method these 30 or 40 years. It must experience a greater change shortly. The department of agriculture is widening its interests to include the country schools. It hopes to improve the ordinary courses of instruction and to go farther, to bring up boys and girls with a higher respect for farm life and a broader kowledge of its opportunities. Professor Willet M. Hayes, the assistant secretary, writes:

The schools must bend their energies more clearly to training for all the specific vocations. A few will perceive the advantage and meet the requirements of this new development unaided; all must have the opportunity to do so. Our industries have reached the time of close specialization and our schools must follow. They should lead. In our great manufacturing industries the need of trained artisans and the wisdom of giving to our American youth the opportunities of the higher paid technical trades, instead of reserving this work for foreigners trained in schools abroad, are leading in the establishment of trade schools, often with funds supplied by employers.

The rule of thumb scheme of conducting the business of the farm is disappearing. It is proper that the rule should pass from the country school.

PROSPERITY AND LABOR.

The return to active business conditions is marked not merely with the rapidity with which the numbers of the unemployed have been reduced, but also, in many sections of the country, by the rapidity with which a scarcity of desirable labor has been made manifest. The annual report of the Commercial National bank of Chicago, which has for nine years furnished an accurate reflection of the state of business and industry, says:

Most manufacturers report a reduction of costs as a result of the depression, ranging up to 25 per cent. Wage reductions were few, but the chief gain has been in the higher efficiency of labor. One firm divides its economies into 7 per cent in rate of wages, 15 per cent in increased efficiency, and 3 per cent in supplies. As business increases in volume this gain in efficiency tends to disappear, as the fringe of inferior labor which is always first to lose employment is taken back. In many lines the demand for labor already exceeds the supply, this being particularly true of high class mechanics. An automobile manufacture writes: "Our business is being somewhat limited by the lack of competent labor. We believe there has never been in this country such a demand for competent, high-skilled workmen as exists today." An important Chicago firm manufacturing railway equipment gave its force a voluntary advance in wages recently in order to hold them and secure the additions required to turn out the new orders being received.

Attending the improvement in the labor demand is the already apparent reduction in the costs of living, caused by the enormous yields of farm products.

A PROPHECY THAT WENT WRONG

An assertive observer of ten years ago declared that women were ceasing to be the comrades of men and the sharers of his responsibilities and work. He predicted that the woman of the future would be merely a sort of toy, a luxury, an ornament of the home, but of no particular utility in making the home comfortable and desirable.

The more daring a prophet the more credence, apparently, is given to his forecasts. The books of this particular cynic obtained a wide vogue and his comments were discussed at length. But fate has a trick of ignoring the conclusions of savants. She goes ahead and arranges matters to suit herself without consulting the works of her human advisers and volunteer directors.

There is nothing to indicate that women are any less the comrades of men, or will ever be any the less. Rather are there signs that the toy type of womanhood is going out of fashion. There is more participation on the part of women in the work of the world than there was ten years ago, than there ever was in the career of mankind, so far as history informs us. At a meeting of universal suffragists in New York recently, a lecturer stated that:

The plumbing trade is followed by 126 women in the United States.

The dental profession is graced by 786 others.

More than 1,000 are architects and builders.

More than 3,300 are in the pulpit.

The law profession is followed by 1,010.

Five hundred and forty-five are carpenters.

Eighty-four are stationary engineers.

One hundred and sixty-seven are masons.

One hundred and ninety-three do blacksmithing for a livelihood.

More than 1,300 work in mines.

Undertaking is performed by 323 women.

If this is not sharing in the world's work, what is it? Is there anything in these statistics which point to women becoming mere ornaments?

The Speaker's Disgrace.

Brooklyn Life.

At the afternoon session of the Prohibition convention the delegates, among whom the women greatly predominated, were extremely enthusiastic over the cold water issues; and every resolution in furtherance of the Prohibition cause was upheld aggressively and unanimously.

Toward the end of the session the speaker of the day was announced. This gentleman had recently returned from abroad, where he had been recuperating from his arduous work in behalf of temperance. Smilingly acknowledging his tumultous reception, this speaker at once plunged into the pleasant events of his foreign trip.

In the midst of this interesting narration, a lady delegate from a rural district sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"I protest against such goings on as this!" she cried, glaring at the narrator. "It's a shame. I"——

"Sit down!"

"Let him proceed!"

"I won't sit down!" declared the irate delegate, sending a scornful glance at her fellow members. "I say it's a shame, a disgrace and a deplorable thing for that man, who poses as an apostle of temperance and a hater of ginshops, to stand up there and deliberately tell us that on his way across the Atlantic he spent many delightful evenings in the ship's saloon!"

Georgia Day in Schools.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Georgia day" is hereafter to be celebrated in the public schools of this state on the 12th of each February, as the result of a law enacted by the recent general assembly designating that date for such purpose. The measure was introduced by Senator John M. Slaton, at the request of the Georgia day committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

By the terms of this measure the 12th of each February is set aside to be commemorated in the common schools of the state as the anniversary of the landing of the first colonists in Georgia under Oglethorpe. The state school commissioner is instructed to co-operate with the county school superintendents in devising such ceremonies, including songs, recitations and addresses by prominent citizens, as will impress the importance of the day upon the plastic minds of the children and school them in accurate information regarding the great historical events and characters of this state.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are to be commended for their persistence in seeking to have the celebration fixed by law. One universally observed custom of this nature will unquestionably be of more instructive value to the school children of the state than many months of dry textbook study.

Plastic Slate.

Scientific American.

Plastic slate, that is to say, moldable slate, is a mixture formed by combining about one part of coal tar and four parts of slate dust, and is recommended for covering large wounds in trees. This mass must be about the consistency of a not too thick glazier's putty, so that it can be balled and rolled out by the hand. Slate dust can easily be made by crushing small pieces of slate. The mass sticks to wood, to metal, to stone, and, in fact, to everything that is not greasy and closes every opening air-tight. Even if applied in a very thin layer, it hardens only on the surface, remains elastic, does not chip off in winter or run in summer. It is excellent as a tightening agent for water pipes, whether of wood, metal or stone, for casks and many kinds of vessels. If the ordinary putty cracks away from the window panes of greenhouses and hotbed frames, the damage can be repaired without delay with the aid of this preparation. If extensive wounds on trees are covered with this mixture, which can best be applied by means of a knife or a flat stick, they will remain for years absolutely protected from air and moisture. The edges of the wounds heal over rapidly. If the black color is objectionable, sand ashes, etc., can be scattered over it and pressed in.

Human Nature at Its Best.

Hartford Times.

Welcome G. Hitchcock, who died in Scarsdale, N. Y., at the age of 74, achieved fame and honor by paying an immense debt. In 1897 the importing and commission house of which he was the head failed for $1,500,000. The collapse of the firm was a great shock to Mr. Hitchcock, but he didn't sit down and insist that the jig was up.

Mr. Hitchcock regarded, as a debt of honor, the $1,500,000 which the firm owed, and began to hustle to pay it. He buckled to and after a while he perfected plans for giving his creditors the squarest deal they could ask for. He arranged to pay 50 per cent in cash and the remainder in bonds of the Scarsdale estates, a corporation which he formed to take over his real estate holdings in Westchester county. A short time ago he took up the bonds, although they had not matured, and he paid their face value plus five per cent interest. The creditors didn't lose a cent.

Convicts to Grow Sugar Cane

Baltimore American.

"Mississippi is considering the matter of buying a large tract of land for a sugar-cane farm to be worked by convicts," said E. A. Overby, a prominent planter of Meridian, Miss., at the Eutaw house.

"There must be something done along this line soon, as the large increase in the number of felons is putting a heavy burden on the taxpayers. The making of 'ribbon' syrup has been a source of great profit to the southern end of the state, and many of the farmers are getting rich from that one item. The industry has been especially fostered by the department of agriculture, and it has been reduced to a scientific basis.

"There is no better way of employing convicts than in agriculture, for they thereby live under conditions that are extremely beneficial physically, and they also become self-sustaining instead of being a public expense."

MARCH TO POLE MORAL VICTORY

(By Father Fred J. Hillig, Toledo.)

The north pole of the earth, like the meridian of Toledo, in the strict, scientific meaning, is but a mathematical abstraction. The one is a mathematical point, the other a mathematical line; both are imaginary quantities and hence invisible.

Dr. F. A. Cook is said to have reached the North Pole in the same sense as a traveler coming from New York may be said to have reached the meridian of Toledo. Our government surveyors have long ago marked the latter by two stones, or rather incisions on two stones, placed somewhere on Forest avenue, the one north, the other south of Woodruff avenue. Dr. Cook, we are told, has planted the American flag on the North Pole, that is to say, has marked the mathematical point called the North Pole by the pole of his flag. There is, of course, nothing seen on or around the point found by Dr. Cook and marked by him that would in any way characterize it as the North Pole. It is just a surface covered with ice. It is determined, like other geographical quantities, by careful observations of, and computation from, the position of the altitude of the sun or stars in that region.

The Most Northerly Point.

The North Pole is the most northern point on earth—the highest northern latitude of 90 degrees, everywhere equidistant from the equator. On the North Pole there are no cardinal points save one. Wherever you point over the surface of the earth, all around, is south. At the North Pole, owing to the peculiar shape of the earth—(it is not a perfect sphere, but slightly flattened at the poles)—a traveler is 14 miles nearer to the center of our planet than at the equator, and nearer to that point than any other point on earth save the South Pole. This fact, in conjunction with the other, that the centrifugal force is equal to zero, causes a body there to be heavier than at any other point on the surface of the earth except, again, on the South Pole.

Good Place for Experiment.

The North Pole would be the most exquisite location for carrying out Foucault's pendulum experiment to demonstrate the rotation of the earth around its axis. The plane of oscillation would shift completely around in a direction opposite to the rotation of the earth. On the other hand it would be the poorest place for carrying out the experiment, first suggested by Newton, and since that time successfully performed, of ascertaining the rotation of the earth by the eastward deviation of a body falling from a great height. On the pole such a body would not deviate a hair's breadth from the plumbline.

The Circumpolar Stars.

For the star-gazer the motions of the heavenly bodies offer a spectacle on the North pole seen nowhere else except at the opposite pole. On the North pole stars do neither rise nor set. They move in circles parallel to the horizon, except the polar star, which will be stationary in the zenith. The same stars will be visible all the time. In the language of the astronomer: The celestial equator will coincide with the horizon and all the fixed stars of the northern celestial hemisphere will be circumpolar stars.

Sun Rises but Once a Year.

The most striking feature, however, will be the behavior of the sun. Half a year the sun will be above and half a year it will be below the horizon. It will rise only once a year and set only once. The sun, moon and planets will, apparently, follow the law by which the stars move in circles parallel to the horizon, but only apparently. When observed several days in succession their circular path will be seen to rise or fall, as the case may be; in reality, their apparent path describes a spiral like the thread of an immense screw, having a very small pitch. It takes the sun two days, two rounds along the horizon, until the full disk becomes visible from the moment that the first rays reached the observer.

Six Weeks of Dawn.

The yearly progress of the sun's motion will appear about as follows: Let us begin with Thanksgiving day. It is night—the dark, polar night—and it will last for two months. At the end of January the first indications of dawn become visible, and it dawns, and dawns, and dawns for over a month and a half. In the middle of March the upper edge of the sun becomes visible above the horizon, and now the great day begins that will last over six full months.

No East or West at the Pole.

It takes the sun two full days, two rounds along the horizon, to extricate itself from that line from the moment the first direct rays reached the observer. Now the huge, red ball will be seen coasting along the horizon for days, day and night, in a direction which is here described from left to right of the observer, for the terms "east" and "west" are not found in the vocabulary of the man on the North pole.

Slowly onward it rolls, and around and around and imperceptibly upward for three months until the time of the summer solstice, when it begins to descend again on its circuitous path, with the same dignity and regularity. At the solstice the sun was only 23½ degrees above the horizon, that is to say, the highest position of the sun in that region is two degrees lower than its lowest noonday position in midwinter is for our latitude.

Twilight at the Pole.

About the end of September the sun sets as tardily as it rose, and now follows a twilight as long as was the dawn half a year ago. The reason why twilight and dawn are drawn out to such length is this, that twilight ends and dawn begin when the sun is 18 degrees below the horizon and the polar sun sinks only 23½ degrees below that line in midwinter.

Pole Not the Coldest Spot.

With reference to the meteorological conditions at the north pole there is no reason why that exact spot should occupy an altogether exceptional place. Theoretically considered, the most northern point should be the coldest place, but in reality there are other conditions which modify the climate and temperature of a given spot besides the latitude. Thus the average temperature at Yakutsk, in Siberia, which lies on the 62nd degree of north latitude, is 7 degrees below that of Rennsselaer Harbor, in Smith Sound, which is 16½ degrees further north.

The discovery of the pole by Dr. Cook is not likely to add much to the sum of human knowledge. Its chief interest lies in the triumph of man over natural obstacles. For hundreds of years the daring spirits of the race have braved the terrors of the Arctic and one after another they failed. At last one of them is successful and has shown what pluck and perseverance can do when they are intelligently directed.

Varieties

The London Stock Exchange has 400 members.

The rock of Gibraltar rises 1,4[illegible] from the sea.

St. Peter's, in Rome, will accommodate 54,000 persons.

The German mile is four times greater than the English.

The lungs of an adult human have 175,000,000 cells.

Only 10 per cent of the flowers in Europe have perfume.

Metal shavings and concrete constitute a new paving material.

Hindoos are displacing the Japanese in some California orchards.

France sends great quantities of cheap jewelry all over the world.

A 400-pound halibut was recently displayed in London.

A galvanic cell has been invented which generates an alternating current.

Great Britain, in 1908, sold [illegible] 000 worth of coal to foreign nations.

During the year 1908 the [illegible] was adopted on 2,357 miles of [illegible]

Farm hands for harvesting the hay and fruit crops of California are scarcer than ever.

The chief ownership of the railroad lines in Buenos Ayres is in the United States.

A steam collier built entirely of steel is being constructed by the Italian government.

Efforts to utilize the spider's web for practical purposes were made as early as 1710 in France.

A blind and rich farmer is looking at Hamburg seeking a wife, who, he says, "must be pretty."

Stealing electricity in Colorado is punishable by a fine of $50 and imprisonment for 30 days.

In order to construct the Manchester ship canal over 51,000,000 cubic yards had to be excavated.

At a recent exhibition of work in London there were shown five safety razors invented by women.

The city of Buda-Pesth operates a bread bakery which will soon have a capacity of 50,000 loaves a day.

Single-room dwellings for the use of the poor are being experimented with by the city of Newcastle, England.

The electric lighting industry represented in the United States by companies and municipal plants.

Among the 4,002 public school girls in Prussia, there are 854 [illegible] no instruction in gymnastics [illegible]

In order to give the London workmen a day of rest each week it has been necessary to add 1,500 men to the force.

It is said that 6,784 out of the 7,000 working girls in New York [illegible] tions through churches, social [illegible] ments and societies.

It is proposed to transform the notorious Blackwells island in the East river, New York, into the largest tuberculosis hospital in the world.

Two million American made clocks in boxes and tins and 70,000 pounds of tobacco in tins and plug were exported into Bangkok last year.

A company of Greeks is establishing in California a dairy and factory at which the milk of 8,000 sheep will be made into a special kind of cheese.

The longest telephone span in the world crosses Lake Wallenstadt, Switzerland, the steel towers supporting the wire being nearly 3,[illegible] apart.

The pack of Columbia river salmon shows a 20 per cent shrinkage from last year. The season has been 25 per cent short of preceding years in duration.

Experiments in abrasion conducted by a French mint have proved that [illegible] num coins will be less rapidly worn by use than coins made of gold [illegible] or even bronze.

The smallest tree that grows in Great Britain may be seen on the top of Ben Lomond. It is the dwarf willow, which at maturity reaches a height of only two inches.

In his first years in America the [illegible] would not eat chickens and ducks in the butcher shop, but stall-fed and fattened Italian fowls in the basement of his residence.

The success of the electrically illuminated baseball grounds Cincinnati has been so pronounced that it is proposed to have football games [illegible] on the illuminated field.

An electric glue heater has been put on the market which is said to heat glue in 30 minutes, and to keep it at a temperature of 150 degrees for several hours after the current has been switched off.

The human body is a machine of wonderful efficiency that one-[illegible] the energy expended by it can be utilized as work, as shown by the experiments of Professors Atwater and Benedict.

In the seven years 1901 to 1908 Russia's postal service expanded remarkably. The postal routes now cover 000 miles and the postoffices 3,493, as against 176 in 1901. Increase of 3,317 in the seven years.

Experiments and investigations both in Europe and in America show that fully one-half of the deaths from consumption occur among people compelled to breathe dust in the [illegible] forms.

Salt is becoming one of the important minor industries of the South Australia. The output this year is estimated at 70,000 tons. Over [illegible] is exported weekly to other Australian states and to New Zealand.

Brazilian exports in the first [illegible] months of 1909 totaled a value of [illegible] 000, an increase of $24,300,000 over the same months of 1908. Coffee and rubber enjoyed 90 per cent of the increase. Imports decreased 14.45 per cent.

During the recent Joan of Arc fete at Rheims, a polychrome statue of the French heroine was erected in the cathedral. This statue is a composition covered bronze, ivory, marble and precious stones, and is the work of P. [illegible]

The advance in stumpage dues September 1 on crown lands in Quebec province, Canada, for export is expected to occur in September, 1910, and will [illegible] the consul at Sherbrook, practically prohibit the shipping of pulp wood to the United States.

In Paris, owing to the increasing number of women's hat pins and the list of accidents, such as eyes put out, ears [illegible] and cheeks torn, the police officials propose to place some restriction on the length of hat pins in omnibuses, railway cars, theatres and other public places.

Germany has a firm of match manufacturers which has hit on a means by which the public will pay only half the present heavy statutory tax on matches. The method is to have the combustible properties at each end of the match, but [illegible] one box goes as far as two.

More than 50,000 children were [illegible] by the authorities of Berlin to spend the summer on land within easy reach of the city limits. They were assigned to [illegible] where they could play and cultivate gardens profitably with the help of their families and the advice of public instructors.

Wild horses are found roaming in [illegible] bands on the plains of New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California. Of late [illegible] captured by rangers in the Modoc national forest, about half proved to be branded stock which had grown up [illegible] others being horses that had never felt the ownership of man.

In a quicksilver mine near the village of Konia, in Asia Minor, which is now worked by an English company, [illegible] were found, not long ago, the skeletons of 50 men, victims of an accident which, [illegible] a writer in Engineering and Mining Journal, must have occurred some 3,[illegible

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

3,000 DEAD IN FLOOD

Mexican Horror Count Is Growing Hourly.

Monterey, Mexico, Sept. 2.—Three thousand is now the official estimate of those in Monterey who lost their lives in the recent overflow of the Santa Catarina river, and to this total will probably be added 500 when complete reports are received from along the valley of the stream and its tributary, the San Juan.

So far reports from along the rivers are meagre, but it is known that several villages have been wiped out. Crops, the largest for a long period, have been entirely ruined.

Cadareyta today reported that 125 bodies had been taken from the river and buried, and at San Juan 357 were found by searchers. In Monterey 853 bodies, many unidentified, have been buried, and the work of the searchers is still far from complete.

In San Lusito a terrible condition confronts the authorities, as the stench from the bodies half buried in the sands is almost unbearable. Forces of prisoners and soldiers are burying these bodies.

Telegraphic service with La Cruz, on the Tampico branch, was opened yesterday and the first message over the wires was the report of the safety of a fishing party of prominent business men of this city, who left here Friday for a week's fishing trip in that vicinity.

Railroad traffic to the north over the national lines was opened when the first train since August 27 arrived from Laredo yesterday. Traffic between Mexico City and Monterey is still cut

ROOSEVELT HAS A FEW MORE

Ships 2,500 Specimens to Smithsonian Institute.

Nairobi, British East Africa, Sept. 3.—J. Alden Loring and Major Mearns, members of the Roosevelt expedition, are about to undertake an extended trip through Kenia province. Mr. Loring started out today and will be followed by Major Mearns tomorrow. The two travelers will return here November 1 to join Col. Roosevelt.

A total of 2,500 specimens were shipped yesterday to the Smithsonian institute. They included birds, mammals, snakes and plants.

EARTH O. K.—PROPHETS WEEP

Chagrined Because Cataclysm Failed to Arrive.

Tampa, Fla., Sept. 3.—Disappointed because their prophecy that Tampa was to be wiped off the map by a great disaster September 1, failed to come true, 30 footsore and weary disciples of the "unknown tongue" returned to this city yesterday from Durant, 25 miles from here.

Several days ago the party sold their all and moved to Durant, which they were told woudd be outside the stricken zone. Their chief priestess, however, is said to have raised the price of provisions to the "faithful," the profits going to herself.

The prophesy now has been revised to read September 18.

SHERIFF'S SISTER PREVENTS ESCAPE.

Lawrenceburg, Ind., Sept. 3.—While Sheriff White was absent from his residence, the county jail being a part of the building, three prisoners sawed the iron bars off a window, yesterday afternoon.

Miss Alice White, sister of the sheriff, 16 years old, got a revolver and, going outside, pointed it at the prisoners and said she would fire upon them if they tried to get out.

She held them at bay for more than an hour, when the sheriff returned and the three men were locked up in separate cells.

FATHER OF 38 DIES AT COUNTY HOME

Indiana, Pa., Sept. 3.—Thirty-eight children mourn the death of their father, John W. Miller, aged 76 years, who died yesterday afternoon at the county home here where he has been an inmate for several years. Mr. Miller was married four times. One wife survives him.

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I am the largest grower in America. Ten years experience enables me to give practical instruction in the business worth many dollars to you. No matter what your occupation is or where you are located, here is an opportunity to acquire a thorough knowledge of this paying business. Send for Free Book giving particulars and information, how to start, cost, etc. Address

JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM
2149 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Illinois

DR. COOK REACHES THE NORTH POLE

Stars and Stripes Fluttered at Goal of All Nations in April of Last Year.

Copenhagen, Sept. 1.—Dr. Cook, the American explorer, reached the North Pole April 21, 1908, according to a telegram just received at the Colonial office here.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, accompanied by a Norwegian, left Etah, Greenland, March 3, 1908, taking with him eight Esquimaux, four sledges and 12 dog teams. He was to make his way through Ellesmere land toward the North Pole.

Dr. Cook is aboard the steamer Hans Egede, which passed Lerwick at noon today en route for Denmark. The telegram announcing Dr. Cook's achievement was sent by a Greenland official on board the steamer, and reads as follows:

"We have on board the American traveler, Dr. Cook, who reached the North Pole April 21, 1908. Dr. Cook arrived at Upernivik (the northermost Danish settlement in Greenland, on an island off the west coast) in May of 1909, from Cape York (in the northwest part of Greenland, on Baffin Bay). The Esquimaux confirm Dr. Cook's story of his journey.

Dr. Cook is 44 years old and a native of New York state. He was surgeon with the Peary expedition of 1891-2 and has been associated with several other exploring expeditions.

Dr. Cook was surgeon to the Belgium Antarctic expedition in 1897 and has written some of the most valuable reports of the South Pole region.

DR. FREDER ICK A. COOK.

Chronology of Dr. Cook's Dash

July 4, 1907—Left New York.

August 2, 1907—Sailed from Sydney, C. B.

Feb. 19, 1908—Parted with sole white companion at Etah, Greenland, and with only Eskimos as companions, started for the Pole.

March 3, 1908—Completed permanent camp and food cache at Annatoak, twenty miles north of Etah, and proceeded northward.

April 18, 1908—Took observations showing the little party to have reached latitude 86 degrees 36 minutes north.

April 21, 1908—Stood at the top of the world, where the foot of man had never trod before.

April 23, 1908—Started on return march southward.

May 24, 1908—Reached eighty-fourth parallel, and began to run short of food.

July, 1908—Reached Jones Sound, with food all gone, and subsisted on the little game to be found.

September, 1908, to February 18, 1909—Existed in an underground den at Cape Sparbo, living on musk ox and bear.

April 15, 1909—Reached shores of Greenland.

May 21, 1909—Reached Upernavik, a Danish settlement.

September 1, 1909—Reached Lerwick, Shetland Islands, and established first communication with the world.

DR. COOK SENDS DISPATCH TELLING HIS OWN STORY

Paris, Sept. 2.—The Paris edition of the New York Herald this morning publishes a signed statement from Dr. Frederick A. Cook, which is dated "Hans Egede, Lerwick, Wednesday," on his experiences in the Arctic regions.

"After a prolonged fight with famine and frost," says Dr. Cook, "we have at last succeeded in reaching the North Pole. A new highway, with an interesting strip of animated nature has been explored and big game haunts located, which will delight sportsmen and extend the Eskimo horizon.

"Land has been discovered on which rest the earth's northernmost rocks. A triangle of 30,000 square miles has been cut out of the terrestrial unknown. The expedition was the outcome of a summer cruise in the Arctic seas on the schooner Bradley, which arrived at the limits of navigation in Smith Sound late in August, 1907. Here conditions were found to launch a venture to the pole.

"We forced our way through Nansen Sound to Lands End. In this march we secured 101 musk oxen, seven bears and 335 hares. We pushed out into the Polar sea from the southern point of Herbert island on March 18. Six Eskimos returned from here. With four men and 46 dogs moving supplies for 80 days, the crossing of the circum-polar pack was begun. Three days later two other Eskimos, forming the last supporting party, returned and the trials had now been reduced by the survival of the fittest. The two best men and 26 dogs were picked for the final effort.

"There, before us, in an unknown line of 460 miles, lay our goal. The first days provided long marches and we made encouraging progress. A big lead which separated the land from the ice of the central pack was crossed with little delay. The low temperature was persistent and the winds made life a torture. But, cooped up in our snow houses, eating dried beef tallow and drinking hot tea there were some animal comforts occasionally to be gained.

"For several days after the sight of known land was lost, the overcast sky prevented an accurate determination of our positions. On March 30, the horizon was partly cleared and new land was discovered. Our observations gave our position as latitude 84.47, longitude 86.36. There was urgent need of rapid advance. Our main mission did not permit a detour for the purpose of exploring the coast. Here were seen the last signs of solid earth; beyond, there was nothing to be seen.

"We advanced steadily over the monotony of moving sea ice and now found ourselves beyond the range of all life—neither foot prints of bears nor the blow-holes of seals were detected. Even the microscopic creatures of the deep were no longer under us. The maddening influence of the shifting desert of frost became almost unendurable in the daily routine. The surface of the pack offered less and less trouble and the weather improved, but there still remained the life-sapping wind which drove despair to its lowest recess. The extreme cold compelled physical action.

"Thus day after day our weary legs spread over big distances. Incidents and positions were recorded but adventure was promptly forgotten in the next day's efforts. The night of April 7 was made notable by the swinging of the sun at midnight over the northern ice. Sunbeams and frost bites now were recorded on the same day, but the double day's glitter infused quite an incentive into one's life of shivers.

"Our observation on April 6 placed the camp in latitude 86.36, longitude 94.2. In spite of what seemed long marches we advanced but little over a hundred miles. Much of our work was lost in circuitous twists, around troublesome pressure lines and high, irregular fields. A very old ice drift, too, was driving eastward, with sufficient force to give some anxiety. Although still equal to about 50 miles daily, the extended marches and the long hours for traveling with which fortune favored us earlier were no longer possible. We were now about 200 miles from the pole and sledge loads were reduced. One dog after another went into the stomachs of the hungry survivors until the teams were considerably diminished in number, but there seemed to remain a sufficient balance for man and brute to push along into the heart of the mystery to which we had set ourselves.

"On April 21, we had reached 89 deg. 59 min. 46 sec. The pole was in sight. We covered the remaining 14 seconds and made a few final observations. I told Etukishook and Ahweish, the accompanying Eskimos, that we had reached the 'great nail.' Everywhere we turned was south. With a single step we could pass from one side of the earth to the other, from midday to midnight. At last the flag floated to the breezes at the pole. It was April 21, 1908. The temperature was minus 38 centigrade, barometer 29.83, latitude 90; as for the longitude, it was nothing, as it was but a word.

"Although crazed with joy our spirits began to undergo a feeling of weariness. Next day, after taking all our observations, a sentiment of intense solitude penetrated us while we looked at the horizon. Was it possible that this desolate region, without a patch of earth, had aroused the ambition of so many men for so many centuries. There was no ground, only an immensity of dazzling white snow, no living being, no point to break the frightful monotony.

"On April 23 we started on our return."

RECORD OF LIVES LOST IN NORTH POLE VOYAGES

Year. Explorer.	Lost.
1553—Sir High Willoughby	62
1554—Richard Cancellor	8
1578—Sir Martin Probisher	40
1585—Capt. Davis	14
1594—Barents	35
1606—John Knight	3
1607—Henry Hudson	10
1612—Sir Thomas Button	14
1619—Jens Munk	62
1631—Thomas James	14
1633—Isle of Jan Mayen settlers	7
1634—Isle of Jan Mayen settlers	7
1648—Deshneff	70
1719—James Knight	50
1728—Bering	10
1735—Pronchistcheff	2
1735—Lassinius	53
1739—Charlton Laptier	12
1742—Bering	31
1773—Lord Mulgrave	8
1776—Capt. Cook	4
1818—Peary, first voyage	1
1819—Franklin, first voyage	2
1821—Peary, second voyage	7
1825—Franklin, second voyage	4
1829—John Ross	4
1838—Pease and Simpson	5
1845—Franklin, third voyage	135
1848—J. C. Ross, search expedition	1
1849—North Star expedition	5
1849—Plover and Herald	3
1853—Rae	6
1853—Kane expedition	3
1860—Isaac Hayes	1
1860—Hall, first voyage	2
1864—Hall, second voyage	3
1870—Hall, last voyage	2
1872—Pegetthoff	2
1872—B. Leigh Smith	2
1875—English expedition	4
1878—Jeanette (De Long)	23
1881—Greely	20
1896—Andree (balloon	3
Total	753

LEFT LEGS IN THE FIRE

So Rescuer Returns for Artificial Limbs.

New York, Sept. 3.—Policeman Bissert, of the Fulton street station, is not the man to do things by halves.

When he found on landing safely in front of 72 Talman street, Brooklyn, the upper half of Charles Gallagher, he went back up the blazing stairs to the third floor and brought down the other half—or more properly speaking, two quarters—Gallagher's artificial legs.

Gallagher had been so confused by the smoke that he was unable to strap on his limbs and would have perished except for Bissert's bravery.

STARTED AS A CAR DRIVER

Pittsburg Banker Dies Leaving Three Millions.

Pittsburg, Sept. 3.—Frederick Gwinner, Sr., 77, former president of the Enterprise National bank, director in several other institutions and one of the foremost financiers of this city, died at his home yesterday, after a week's illness, death being caused by acute indigestion.

Mr. Gwinner was the first man to drive a horse car in Pittsburg and was heavily interested in old Pittsburg, Allegheny & Manchester Railway Co. The fortune he left is estimated at $8,000,000.

Mr. Gwinner endeared himself to the hearts of hundreds of this city's poor people after the failure of the Enterprise National bank, several years ago, when he paid out of his own pocket $400,000 to those who lost their savings through the alleged peculations of an employe.

SENSE ABOUT FOOD

Facts About Food Worth Knowing.

It is a serious question sometimes to know just what to eat when a person's stomach is out of order and most foods cause trouble.

Grape-Nuts food can be taken at any time with the certainty that it will digest. Actual experience of people is valuable to anyone interested in foods.

A Terre Haute woman writes: "I had suffered with indigestion for about four years, ever since an attack of typhoid fever, and at times could eat nothing but the very lightest food, and then suffer such agony with my stomach I would wish I never had to eat anything.

"I was urged to try Grape-Nuts and since using it I do not have to starve myself any more, but I can eat it at any time and feel nourished and satisfied, dyspepsia is a thing of the past, and I am now strong and well.

"My husband also had an experience with Grape-Nuts. He was very weak and sickly in the spring. Could not attend to his work. He was put under the doctor's care, but medicine did not seem to do him any good until he began to leave off ordinary food and use Grape-Nuts. It was positively surprising to see the change in him. He grew better right off, and naturally he has none but words of praise for Grape-Nuts.

"Our boy thinks he cannot eat a meal without Grape-Nuts, and he learns so fast at school that his teacher and other scholars comment on it. I am satisfied that it is because of the great nourishing elements in Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."

It contains the phosphate of potash from wheat and barley which combines with albumen to make the gray matter to daily refill the brain and nerve centers.

It is a pity that people do not know what to feed their children. There are many mothers who give their youngsters almost any kind of food and when they become sick begin to pour the medicine down them. The real way is to stick to proper food and be healthy and get along without medicine and expense.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

EXPLORER'S FRIENDS SENT EXPEDITION FOR HIS RELIEF

COOK SAYS: "SUCCESS."

New York, Sept. 1.—Dr. R. T. Davidson, of Brooklyn, a personal friend of Dr. Cook, received a cablegram from Dr. Cook today saying that he was well and that his expedition had been a success. The message, which was dated at Lerwick, did not say whether the explorer had reached the pole. The information it contained was forwarded to Mrs. Cook, the explorer's wife, at South Harpswell, Me.

New York, Sept. 1.—Dr. Rosewell O. Stebbins, chairman of the committee that organized the relief expedition sent out for Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Brooklyn explorer, who is reported to have reached the North pole, said today that no news of any kind regarding the explorer has reached his friends and backers in the Arctic and the Explorers' clubs here since March 7, 1908, when Dr. Cook started inland from Etah, Greenland. The Associated Press dispatch from Copenhagen today was the first intimation they had received that Dr. Cook had been successful.

The committee, of which Dr. Stebbins is chairman, was organized several months ago. It raised a fund, which was added to that used in equipping the schooner Jeanie, which sailed from St. Johns, Newfoundland, two weeks ago with the combined purpose of taking supplies to Commander Robert E. Peary and bringing back Dr. Cook and another explorer, Harry Whitney, if they could be found. The Jeanie was bound for Etah, Greenland, but it is not due to arrive there until the middle of this month.

It was Dr. Cook's plan to make his base of supplies or permanent camp at Annatok, in Greenland, about 20 miles north of Etah. This would place him about 1,000 miles from the north pole. He first made his way westward out of the Cache and across to Ellsmereland. The Arctic club calculates that he reached this position in the spring of 1908. The last news received from him was dated March 7, 1908, when he was near Cape Thomas Hubbard. He then reported that his health was excellent; that he had picked up a large party of Eskimo of superior intelligence, and that his prospects for success were bright. He intended to push on to the northern point of Greenland, and from there start his dash to the pole in the winter of 1908. He expected to return to his headquarters at Annatoak not later than next month.

For years Dr. Cook has given his attention to Arctic explorations, and in 1891-2 was surgeon of the Peary Arctic expedition, and in 1897-99 surgeon of the Belgian Antarctic expedition. He has received numerous decorations from the geographical societies of Europe for his research and writing in the polar field.

Dr. Cook started on his present expedition in the summer of 1907, sailing from North Sydney, C. B., on board the schooner John R. Bradley, with Captain Moses Bradley as sailing master. The party was re-enforced with sledges, dogs and Arctic equipment at Etah, Greenland, whence they sailed March 3, 1908. Dr. Cook's plans was to set aside all tradition by making the dash to the pole during the winter months when the elements are considered least advantageous for an advance northward.

RECORDS OF EXPLORERS IN NORTHERN VOYAGES.

Year—Explorer.	Latitude—Deg.	Min.
1587—John Davis	72	12
1594—William Barents	77	20
1596—Rup Heemskerck	79	49
1607—Henry Hudson	80	23
1616—William Baffin	77	45
1806—William Scoresby	81	30
1827—W. E. Parry	82	45
1854—E. K. Kane	80	10
1870—C. F. Hall	82	11
1874—Julius Payer	82	5
1876—G. S. Nares	83	20
1882—A. W. Greeley	83	24
1886—Nordensjkold	81	42
1896—Frithjof Nansen	86	14
1899—Walter Wellman	82	00
1900—Duke of Abruzzi	86	34
1902—Baldwin Ziegler	80	23
1902—Robert E. Peary	84	17
1905—Anthony Fiala	82	00
1906—Robert E. Peary	87	6
1908—Dr. F. A. Cook	the pole	

65,000,000 ACRES FOR ENTRY

Land to Be Thrown Open West of the Rockies.

Washington, Sept. 3.—According to a statement issued by the secretary of the interior almost 65,000,000 acres of land have been designated as subject to entry under the enlarged homestead act of the last congress, providing, under specified conditions, for the appropriation of 320 acres under the homestead law instead of 160 acres, as heretofore. The lands thus designated are distributed as follows:

Colorado, 20,250,000 acres; Montana, 26,000,000 acres; New Mexico, 1,550,000; Oregon, 1,300,000; Washington, 3,500,000, and in Wyoming, 11,900,000.

SPERRY ON RETIRED LIST

Newport Conference His Last Official Task.

Washington, Sept. 3.—Having reached the age of 62 years, Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry was placed on the retired list of the navy today.

The admiral is now engaged with the Newport conference at the war college there and will remain in that duty until he has completed a certain line of work which he has mapped out. When this is finished, it is expected he will retire from active service.

The admiral's last important sea command was that of the Atlantic fleet, which he brought from San Francisco by way of the Pacific ocean and the Suez canal to Hampton Roads. He reached the rank at which he was retired today three years and three months ago.

MANY BOLD EFFORTS MADE TO REACH NORTHERN LIMIT

Scientific North pole research has been in progress in America and Europe for more than six decades.

Lieutenant De Haven commanded the American ships Advance and Rescue which, in 1850, searched the Greenland coast. Three years later the Advance, in command of Elisha K. Kane, U. S. N. reached Upernavik. William Morton, leading a sledge party, saw the open Polar sea from Cape Constitution, in 1854.

In 1860 Dr. Issac I. Hayes made a sledge journey, crossing Smith Sound to Cape Lieber, Grennell Land.

In 1861 Captain Charles Frederick Hall sailed on the steamer Polaris, reaching 82° 2' N, but died on board the steamer.

Samuel Buddington succeeded in command and made a search of the Greenland coast and of Melville Bay as far as Cape York.

Lieutenant James P. Lockwood crossed Robeson chanel to the Greenland coast on May 5, 1882, and reached the farthest north then attained by man. They went into winter quarters and were rescued a year later.

A private expedition, conducted by Lieutenant George W. DeLong, U. S. N., in 1879, passed through Behring Strait and entered the ice at about the eighty-third parallel. The steamer was crushed and sunk; one boat, commanded by Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp, U. S. N., was never again heard of. Captain DeLong perished from starvation.

English government expeditions in 1875 advanced over the sea ice toward the pole to 83 deg. 20 min.

Lieut. Robert E. Peary, accompanied by Mrs. Peary, sailed from New York June 6, 1891, in the Kite. He passed the winter on the eastern side of McCormick Bay, and the following year reached Navy Cliff, Academy Bay, demonstrating the insularity of Greenland. In 1893 he established headquarters at the head of Bowbym Bay, but an equinoctial storm prevented his attempt to proceed farther northward.

In 1898 Peary sailed from St. Johns, in the Windward, and on January 1, 1899, reached by sledges Port Conder. In June he crossed the divide of Grinnell land. In March, 1900, he reached "Lockwood's Fartherest," where an open sea prevented further advance. He returned to the northern end of the Greenland Archipelago and discovered the most northern known land in the world, naming it Cape Morris K. Jessup.

Peary returned to Fort Conder, and endeavored to reach the pole from Cape Hecla, but at 84 deg. 17 min., the highest ever attained by an American, he was compelled to return after 12 years of exploration.

In 1896 Frithiof Nansen, in the Fram, drifted off the northern coast of Asia. He left the ship and with dogs and sleds, pushed his way forward to 86° 14'.

Alfred C. Harnsworth, the London publisher, in 1892, dispatched an expedition, led by Frederick C. Jackson, to Franz Josef Land. His work included the chartering and mapping of a large portion of the Franz Josef Land archipelago, but he atained no higher latitude than previously reached.

Prince Luige, Duke de Abruzzi, reached Toplitz bay in 1901. The following year his sledge parties attained 86° 33', the highest ever attained by man up to that time. Other polar expeditions, by the same route, have been made by Walter Wellman and E. B. Baldwin, the latter under the patronage of William Ziegler.

Captain Otto Sverdlup, in 1898-9, sailed along the Grinnell Land, reaching 82° 42', and definitely mapped much of the coast line.

ENGLISH EXPLORER THOUGHT PEARY WOULD BE WINNER

London, Sept. 1.—"I am more than pleased to hear the news," said Lieutenant Ernest H. Shackelton, who recently returned from an expedition that got very close to the South Pole, when informed of the announcement of Dr. Frederick A. Cooks polar success.

"If the news as received is correct," continued the lieutenant, "it is a very remarkable achievement. It must have been a one-man dash to the pole, as Dr. Cook's only companion was Rudolph Franke, who left the explorer when he was between 500 and 600 miles from the pole."

In an interview yesterday Lieutenant Shackelton dilated on Commander Robert E. Peary's achievements, and said that if anyone reached the north pole he expected that Peary would be the man.

MELVILLE DOUBTS REPORT OF SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE

Philadelphia, Sept. 1.—Rear Admiral Melville, U. S. N., retired, who conducted several expeditions into the Arctic regions, was inclined to discredit the report from Copenhagen that the north pole had been discovered by Dr. Cook.

"I did not know that Dr. Cook had an outfit available for that purpose," he said, "and I do not think that the report can be true. Dr. Cook has been wandering in those parts for some time. It is just possible the story emanated from some Danish skipper who has returned from the north."

When asked what would be the value of the discovery if the authenticity of the report was confirmed, Admiral Melville said:

"For one thing, it would put an end to the Arctic fad. The only use to which the discovery could be put put would be of a scientific nature. If the exact point of the North pole has been located it would be possible to send a party of scientists there and by erecting a pendulum and measuring its movement and later removing the same pendulum to the equator for similar measurement there, the exact height of the earth could be computed. The attraction of the earth to heavenly bodies and vice versa would also be thereby determined."

JAPS ON PEACE QUEST

Party of Nippon Leaders Reach Seattle.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 1.—On a journey whose mission is to strengthen the bonds of friendship and commerce between Japan and the United States, 46 Japanese bankers, merchants, members of parliament, educators and editors, representing the chambers of commerce of Tokio, Osaka, Disoto, Kobe, Yokohama and Nogoya, arrived in Seattle today on the steamship Minnesota.

As the steamer approached Ramboo cannon threw into the air bombs which, bursting, released balloons and curious paper figures.

At the landing place the visitors were met by Governor Marion E. Hay, Mayor John F. Miller, of Seattle; J. D. Lowman, president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the eight large cities of the Pacific Coast, and a delegation of business men. The three officials made speeches welcoming the Japanese. Representatives of the Japanese responded briefly.

The visitors will leave next Monday on their tour across the continent.

BALLOONS IN RACE

Palmyra, Sept. 7.—The Sky Pilot, Cleveland balloon containing H. C. Gammeter, H. Wade, jr., and A. H. Morgan, landed here at 4:30 after a four-hour trip from Canton.

The Sky Pilot was contesting with the Ohio of Canton, and won by six miles. An automobile followed the Cleveland air craft.

SCIENTISTS OF THE WORLD UNITE IN COOK'S PRAISE

Paris, Sept. 2.—The news of the success of Dr. Cook, when it became fully known in Paris, created a veritable sensation. The evening papers publish long accounts of his expedition, and while there is a tendency to await the arrival of Dr. Cook at Copenhagen to secure from him proof and confirmatory details, the press unites in praising the hardy explorer and congratulations to America.

The best known French scientists are at present away from the city, either upon vacation or leading expeditions. Dr. Charcot is trying to reach the south pole, while the Duke of Orleans is at Spitzbergen, having returned to this island after interesting researches in Greenland.

The news was received with the greatest interest by the members of the French Geographical society, one of whom said: "Dr. Cook apparently has succeeded where others have failed. His success depended on the atmosphere and the positions of the glaciers, which, up to the present time, have jealously stayed the advance of man. Dr. Cook's record should determine whether or not there is a flattening of the earth at the Pole and verify the mathematical situation of the polar star at the zenith."

Pierre Levasseur, the French geographer, was delighted when informed of Dr. Cook's achievement. "All honor to Dr. Cook," he exclaimed. "I now await other details. I hope he will have answers to questions of interest, but, in any event, there probably will be little occasion to change the map of the world. Dr. Cook's achievement is most extraordinary. It seems that he made a journey of over 300 miles on the ice, and then the temperature he met, 93 degrees below zero, is the lowest ever recorded. We will undoubtedly be astonished when we compare Dr. Cook's records with the reckonings and summons of science."

AMUNDSEN EXPRESSES HIS ADMIRATION FOR COOK

Christiana, Sept. 2.—Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian Arctic explorer, was interviewed here today on Dr. Cook's triumph.

"Dr. Cook was my partner on the Belgica expedition as physician," he said, "and all on board appreciated highly his experience and his ability. His was an uncommonly staunch, persevering and energetic personality, and I admire him. The route chosen by Dr. Cook presented unusually difficult problems; this was proved by Commander Peary's experiences. The possible results from Dr. Cook's achievement will have no influence on my projected expedition. I am not planning to reach the point of the pole. My trip will be for oceanographic investigation. It would be highly interesting and important to know if Dr. Cook found a continent around the pole. But he was of necessity limited to mere visual impressions."

"POSSIBLE," SAYS SHACKLETON, "BUT REMARKABLE RECORD"

London, Sept. 2.—After reading a brief summary of Dr. Frederick A. Cooks account of his dash to the North Pole, Lieutenant Ernest H. Shackelton, who recently led an expedition to the South Polar regions, said that nobody had any right to be skeptical. There was nothing in the explorers statement but what was possible after he got within 200 miles of the pole and after reaching the pole and getting back to solid land there was nothing to prevent Dr. Cook living with the Eskimos until this year.

"Consequently," the lieutenant continued, "I do not think the time it took him to return is against his statement. The quesion is, what distance was he actually from the pole when he started with his Eskimos. He must have done 12 miles a day to cover the distance given in 35 days. No other expedition has been able to do anything near this. In the north one or two miles a day is considered good progress, but Cook must have traveled over absolutely smooth ice, which is a condition that is unique."

ABRUZZI HAD MUCH FAITH THAT COOK WOULD SUCCEED

Rome, Sept. 2.—The Duke of the Abruzzi, since his own Arctic expedition in 1900, has been keenly interested in polar exploration, and before he left for the Himalaya mountains he expressed the opinion that Dr. Frederick A. Cook was "perhaps the man destined to accomplish this great feat, which may be the greatest achievement of the twentieth century." He based his opinion on what he had heard of Dr. Cook's former journeys and his preparations for this one.

In a letter received recently at Turin from the duke the royal explorer asked if anything had been heard from Dr. Cook. He said he did not believe the American was dead, and expressed the belief that he would surpass all his predecessors on the road to the pole.

ADVISED PEARY TO FOLLOW ROUTE TAKEN BY COOK

Washington, Sept. 2.—Dr. Thomas Dedrick, who was a surgeon with the Peary Arctic expedition in 1898-1902, and lived for a year with the Esquimaux at Etah, Greenland, said today that Dr. Cook, in reaching the pole by the west coast of Ellesmere Land, had chosen the most feasible route. Dr. Dedrick said:

"Dr. Cook's polar expedition is remarkable not only for its results, but for its utilization of the most practicable plan. His grasp of the fact that I advocated—that a man with Esquimaux can live indefinitely on the west coast of Ellesmere Land, and come out at any point he chooses, shows Dr. Cook's knowledge of Arctic conditions.

"When Peary feared a westward drift on approaching the land, and spoke of the possibility of coming out on the west coast of Ellesmere Land, I advocated his using that channel, and said then that I had no fear were I to arrive with Esquimaux on the west coast with no supplies. Cook grasped the right idea. Not only so, but he bent all his energies poleward."

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BORNE OFF TORRENT

One Thousand Bodies Are Recovered From Flooded Catarina.

Monterey, Mex., Sept. 1.—The number of bodies recovered from along the shores of the Santa Catarina river totals approximately 1,000. In Monterey 900 is the total, while meagre reports from along the valley increase the number. However, but little is yet known as to the loss of life and damage outside of this city.

That the entire number lost will ever be known is not probable, as many bodies must be buried in the sand and mud deposited by the falling river in the eddies caused by the numerous turns and bends in the stream's channel.

Reports continue meagre from points down the valley, but it is known that the village of San Francisco was destroyed, the town of San Juan badly damaged and the town of Camargo on the Rio Grande is reported to have been washed away.

A ride from the town of Cadereyta, this state, the birthplace of Gen. Geronima Trevino, stated that 20 bodies had been recovered at that place; that hundreds were seen floating by with the flood and that on his trip from Cedereyta to Monterey there was not a depression which did not contain from one to 10 bodies left there by the receding water.

The entire northern part of the state of Nuevo Leon has been flooded and towards Tampico, in the state of Tamaulpas, alarming reports have been received. Nothing definite is known, however, as telegraph communication has not been yet opened with the district.

The property loss is now estimated at between $12,000,000 and $15,000,000 in this city, without counting the damage to the railroads or "down the valley" in this city.

The Santa Catarina river drains a watershed comprising 1,000 square miles, and some idea of the amount of water can be obtained when it is stated that the actual flow of water in the Santa Catarina river at the height of the flood Saturday morning was one-half of the flow of the Nile and one-fourth of the flow of the Mississippi when these rivers are at their highest flood stage. The Santa Catarina river has a fall of one per cent at Monterey, and by actual measurement by engineers of the water and drainage company it was ascertained that the current attained a velocity of 30 miles an hour.

SUFFRAGETTES ARE FINED

Will Appeal, Claiming Right to Approach Asquith.

London, Sept. 3.—The eight suffragettes who were arrested August 19 in Downing street in connection with the picketing of Premier Asquith's residence, were today sentenced to pay fines of $10 each or spend seven days in the Bow street jail. They gave notice of appeal on the ground that all subjects of the kind have the right to approach the sovereign through his ministers, and that in endeavoring to interview the premier they were merely exercising these rights.

PRACTICE SHELLS HIT CRUISER

French Warship Is Hit Six Times, but No One Is Hurt.

Lorient, France, Sept. 1.—An extraordnary accident occurred during the gunnery practice off Quiberon. Owing, it is said, to an error in aiming one of the guns aboard the French armored cruiser Gloire, six shells were fired in the cruiser Marseillaise, one of which penetrated the hull and burst inside. No one was injured, as the crew were in other parts of the

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Animated by the law of kindness, may we go out into this great, needy world with hearts to sympathize and words to cheer and hands to minister.

MONDAY

There's a smile where'er we journey,
There's a laugh we all may hear,
If we'll only hark and listen
To the Gospel of Good Cheer.

TUESDAY

Kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

WEDNESDAY

Think not on yesterday, nor trouble borrow
On what may be in store for you tomorrow,
But let today be your incessant care—
The past is past, tomorrow's in the air.

THURSDAY

There are few people in the world more depressing and disheartening than those who are always seeing some shadow of coming evil.

FRIDAY

"Looks like everything in the world comes right if we jes' wait long enough."

SATURDAY

May we be ready now, with willing hearts, for the work, the cares, the joys and the friendly converse of the day.

DON'T STAY MAD

Elizabeth Ayres

IF you have done anything you should not in the way of offending another, say so, apologize, make up for it, and then, if the one you have offended persists in staying "mad," pretend not to be aware of it, and under the treatment of unfailing good-nature, sooner or later the resentment cherished against you will die.

It takes two to make a quarrel, and it takes at least two to continue it, but it is never necessary to be a party to a continuous performance.

A story by Mary Heaton Vorse, which recently appeared in one of the magazines, is an amusing illustration of how resentment fades away before non-recognition and unfailing good nature. There are only two people in the story, a man and a woman, newly married. The man had a quick temper, but after a "flare-up" he made an immediate recovery.

Women, more than men, are self-conscious, and the wife of the quick-tempered man fancied she had herself in training, and took pride in the fact that she never uttered a word for which an apology was necessary. Silent displeasure was her weapon; calm, dignified, silent displeasure which she displayed by making a statue of herself and presenting a blank, unsmiling front, until she thought the one by whom she had been offended was sufficiently punished. This had always worked effectively until she married a man who, in spite of his quick temper, had, for general use, a large good humor.

The first disagreement the two had after they were married was about the coffee. The man did not like the coffee or the way it was made, and he so declared in an explosive manner and without hesitating to express his opinion in vigorous language. In fact, he was "quite fierce."

His wife, while she was shocked and grieved by his display of temper, attended to the matter of the coffee, but she was deeply offended with her husband and determined to punish him in the manner she had always found to work successfully. She became a human statue, a marvel of silent dignity, and in no way responsive to her husband's advances and genial humor. She kept up the attitude for several days, though her husband was serenely unconscious that he was being disciplined or that he was the object of his wife's displeasure. He took her aloofness to be a mood, and, having no idea that she was angry, went his good-tempered way and tried to make her happy.

Measured against his good-humored impassiveness she found her resentment dying. To save her pride, she struggled to maintain it, but there was nothing to keep it alive, so, against her will, she stopped being "mad," smiled and loked pleasant.

While this incident is only a bit of fiction, it is easy enough to give it a real-life application. We take one another's little tempers too seriously, and often continue estrangements after their cause has been forgotten. Most of us are only average mortals, and there are few who do not sometimes get angry, in truth, none is the worse for having a spice of the "old nick" in their system, but in case of a "flare-up," don't stay mad, whether you are the offended or the offender.

As previously mentioned, and you may have heard of it before, it takes at least two to make a quarrel, but if one will not fight and refuses to recognize the fact that the other wants to the difficulty soon dies for lack of nutrition.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT

If you are a weary housekeeper, who think you are "tired of your job," and are suffering from the what's-the-use feeling, I advise you to read the following letter taken from the September Woman's Home Companion. It may help a little with its words of helpfulness and good cheer.—Editor.

"Sometimes the homely drudgery of housekeeping grows unendurable. Dishes to be washed, lamps to be filled, stockings to be darned, bread to make up, sweeping to be done, pans to be scoured—and not just today and tomorrow, but for an endless roll of days these same monotonous tasks must be done, over and over again, until the very thought of it is torment. And then you begin to think bitter thoughts—that your work is unappreciated by those whom you serve, that your life is being wasted in the kitchen, that had you but been given the opportunity you might now be 'out in the world' a great singer or an artist or a writer, earning fame and fortune in a delightful way.

"Housekeeping is not easy work—it is not, in itself, esthetic nor soul-uplifting, nor inspiring. It means, very often, that when it is finished for the day, and the worker can look around on a sweet and orderly house, that she is too tired to take any real satisfaction in it. Sweeping and scrubbing and cooking and sewing do not make any part of the poetry of existence. But they are necessary—here lies the real kernel of the question.

"On the practical side the first thing to acquire is efficiency. The woman who studies the problems of housekeeping, who cuts away from all the superfluities that overtax her strength, and who learns how to do all the hard plain things in the quickest way without sacrificing thoroughness, will find that with this study, there comes a new aptitude of mind toward work. Housekeeping regarded as a profession in which one may succeed is very much more interesting than housekeeping that is just getting through so much work per day. Study your work and it is easier. There are different ways to do everything, even washing a frying-pan, and some are infinitely easier than others. I know whereof I speak. Personally, I don't believe in reading poetry or looking at fine pictures while I am in my kitchen. If I am doing my work properly I haven't time to think of anything else. Few women can bake pies well while reciting Browning. Keeping the mind on the work in hand makes the work go better.

"But after efficiency, we need the joy of service to sweeten our labor. After all, we are doing these things for those whom we love best in all the world. This newly-filled lamp will lend its light tonight on the child's studying their lessons for tomorrow's school; this pan of rolls shall be for supper, because the man of the house enjoys them; these little stockings with holes at heel and toe belong to that reckless chubby boy of yours who has just grown out of babyhood. We are glad that you can serve them in these commonplace, toilsome ways, thinking for their comfort. What is more 'out in the world'—the place you think of so longingly—that would be equal to the love they have for you and the love you have for them?

"So, when these thoughts of the sordidness of 'the mending and the bread' come to you, rest a little, and do not try to think until you are rested. When you are yourself again you will see your work at its true value—very worthy and nowise mean."

A HOME-MAKER'S LETTER

Well, I just cannot keep still any longer. I have read the Cozy Corner for some time and have felt that I ought to add my share. Queer Man, if you would accept the place that our blessed Saviour offers, you would have your desire, and I sincerely hope you may get it.

As to working in the field, I am sorry to have any one say they are ashamed to do this kind of work. I think a girl should be ashamed if she does not help in any way that is necessary. I do not think a girl should try to do as much as her brothers or father, for no girl has as much strength as a boy. My father was not able to do very much and I tried to take his place one summer on the farm, but I did more than I should and was unable to work the rest of the season. I have really never been so strong since. Girls, do not be ashamed to help in the field when you are needed, and remember you can help "mother" at all times. Be good to her, for you can have only one.

I have a kind husband and five small children. I do all the housework, sewing, have a garden and raise chickens, so you see I have something to do. I cannot always have my house or work as I want it, but I do the best I can.

I do not think there is any need for farmers' wives to grow old faster than their city cousins, and I do not believe they do. It is not work so much as worry that brings the gray hairs, and I find more to worry about in town than in the country, though I am not one of the worrying kind. Farmer's Wife from Penna., I enjoyed your letter. I often use my supper dishes for breakfast and wondered if anyone else ever did. I formerly lived in good, old Pennsylvania, but am now living in Iowa.

How many housekeepers use soft, cold water and naphtha or gasoline soap to wash with these hot days? I do, and find this way just as good, and much easier than using hot suds. The ironing may be much reduced by folding the sheets, pillow slips and underwear from the line. They are just as sweet and clean as if ironed. We mothers must save ourselves as much as possible for the sake of our children.

I will send my favorite cake recipe. I use it for both loaf and layer cake: One cup sugar, one egg, piece of butter size of an egg. Beat to a cream. Add one cup milk, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder and any flavoring desired. I find this a cheap recipe that never fails. Sometimes I make a loaf cake and use spices or raisins, or fruit of any kind, or I make a layer and have chocolate, lemon, orange or banana filling. When I want to make more than one, I double the ingredients, and when butter and milk are scarce I use lard and water. Meat fryings are almost as good as butter for anything. I wish some one who knows would tell how to put down ripe tomatoes whole so they will keep.

Hoping I have not worn out my welcome, I will close with my favorite verse:

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves its fellowmen,
Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again.
It's full worth and goodness, too, with genial kindness blent,
It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

—Suburb Cousin.

FROM FLORIDA

I don't think I have ever seen a letter from Florida in the Cozy Corner. I live in west Florida and enjoy reading the many good letters, but for the life of me, I cannot see how so many get through with their work so well. I am always behind with mine. Those writing upon the training of children interest me, and those telling how to get through the work best and easiest. I do all my work—that gets done—but some of it never does.

I have seven children, the eldest is 11 years. Some time I will write again and tell something of my gardening.—Just a Woman.

Just a Woman—I have wondered myself how some of our correspondents manage to do so much work, and have come to the conclusion they must be the willing workers that are known as "stavers."—Editor.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Feeling perky again when the weather cools after a "hot spell" is one of the joys of life. Isn't it so?

Many of our correspondents suggest that our letter writers sign their real names. You may do as you please about this; there is really no reason for wearing a disguise.

Letters recently received for "the Corner" are from Olney Woman, J. D. Damer, F. M. A., Carolin M. Apland, H. Greeley Miller, Mrs. E. R. Seelye, Mrs. M. E. Killgore, A Representative of Anderson Co., and Ernst Halm.

A Reader—Red pepper sprinkled over the places infested by ants is a good exterminator.

GOOD TO EAT

Philadelphia Cream Cheese—This is a soft cheese similar to the Neufchatel, but is made from cream of varying degrees of richness and is put in different form. Its manufacture is practically the same as the Neufchatel. In making the Philadelphia cream cheese at home only two essentials are required. First, the cream should have stood only long enough to become solid and not long enough to grow musty; and, secondly, an absolutely spotless cotton bag should be provided in which to drain it, as cheese is apt to absorb odors. Put the cream in the bag without heating and hang in a cool, dry place for a day or two until all the whey has drained off and the cheese within is firm.

If the weather is hot and muggy, it is a good plan to rub salt over the outer surface of the bag to prevent mildew. When it has hung long enough, take from the bag and season with a little salt. Then break with a fork and work the salt through it. Form into a neat square or ball and serve. If preferred, it can be moulded in a cup or mould with a hole in the bottom, wetting the mould first with cold water before putting the curd into it.

Devil Cake—Beat to a cream one cupful brown sugar and a tablespoonful butter; add a half cup milk, two cupfuls flour sifted with a small teaspoonful soda and the well beaten yolks of three eggs. Put into a saucepan one cupful grated chocolate, one cupful brown sugar and one-half cup milk. Heat until dissolved, but do not boil. When cool stir in with the first mixture and bake in three layers.

For the filling put into saucepan two cupfuls light sugar, one-half cupful butter and one-half cupful sweet milk. Cook five minutes, flavor with vanilla, then beat until thick enough to spread.

Candied Watermelon Rind—Pare off the green part of the rind, cut in inch pieces and weigh. For five pounds of the rind allow one quart of water and a pint of vinegar. Scald, add the rind and boil 10 minutes. Remove with a skimmer and drain dry. Place in the preserving kettle with one pint water and 3½ pounds of sugar.

Boil, skim, add the melon pieces and two ounces green ginger cut in pieces. Cook until the melon is clear and tender, then remove with a skimmer. Take as much as is needed and dry in a moderate oven, sprinkling at the last with sugar.

Cook the remainder of the syrup 10 or 15 minutes longer. Put the rest of the melon in glass jars, fill to overflowing with the syrup and seal.

Any time you wish to make more candied rind for use as a bonbon or in place of citron in cakes and pies, take out as much as is required from time to time and dry in the oven.

Buttermilk Yeast: Boil one quart of buttermilk and stir in corn meal, as for mush. When cool, add a cup of yeast, previously soaked. When light make into cakes and dry quickly in the open air.

French Salad Dressing: The proportions vary, according to taste, the most common being one tablespoonful vinegar or lemon juice to three tablespoonfuls olive oil, a half level teaspoonful salt, and a quarter level teaspoonful pepper. Beat the last three ingredients together first, then add the acid slowly. Beat hard until a thick emulsion is made.

How Mae Edna Wilder Got Rid of a Double Chin

Without Dieting, Internal Remedies, Face Straps or Physical Culture—An Interesting Story for Fleshy People.

"I removed my double chin and reduced thirty pounds in less than six weeks," says Mae Edna Wilder, who stands five feet high, weighs 120 pounds, and is a picture of perfect health. "I did this by a process which is my own discovery—a process of external application. I simply apply the treatment to any part of the body where superfluous flesh exists, and it vanishes as if by magic. Five minutes every other day for two weeks is all the time needed, and one's most intimate friends need not know anything about it. I am so grateful for my own relief that I will give free advice to any one who suffers as I did. I consider a double chin one of the most unsightly physical defects, and superfluous flesh is just extra weight that one must carry with them everywhere and all the time. I feel ten years younger and a hundred fold more active since I lost mine." Any interested person who will write to Mae Edna Wilder, Dept. 408A, Rochester, N. Y., will be told how to find relief within two weeks.

A WOMAN WHO HAS WON SUCCESS

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, whose appointment in the past month to the superintendency of the Chicago public school system has brought her so prominently before the public, is being made the subject of many magazine articles which afford "intimate glimpses" of Mrs. Young, to whom has fallen the distinction of being the first woman superintendent of schools in any large city.

In The Woman Beautiful Magazine for September is an interesting story of Mrs. Young from which the following extract is taken

She's little, she's a woman, and she's sixty-four years of age—all three of which facts go to disprove a great deal of what has been said before that little people, especially women, can not stand the physical strain of great accomplishments as successfully as those of larger build; that women are not fitted for executive work or to hold public offices; and, furthermore, that 40 some odd years mark the extreme limit of one's public usefulness.

In her own quiet, determined way, Mrs. Young has been smashing theories and prejudices and has been progressing steadily ever since she was born.

Never for an instant has she been an idle woman. She has never had but the one definite pursuit of teaching. Such a combination of circumstances, when, combined with a massive intellect, masculine in the character of its logic and reasoning and feminine in its intuition and tenderness, goes to make up that elusive quality we call genius; and it isn't too much to say that this is just what Mrs. Young is—one of the geniuses of the century in the educational world.

When 19 years old, she took her first school at the queenly salary of $25 a month; a few weeks ago she was elected to the highest salaried position in the public school system of the United States, outside of New York, where the same office commands the same sum, $10,000 a year. Between those two experiences she has taught every grade, and has been a factor in almost every educational capacity the public school systems afford.

"Why have I taught always?" she said, in answer to a question on the subject the other day. "Why, because I love it and it's the grandest thing in

—From The World Today.

MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG.

the world to do!" There was almost the ring of fanaticism on her voice. "You are moulding humanity, shaping the finite mind, and encouraging it to expand."

The September Review of Reviews, in commenting on Mrs. Young's appointment, says: Besides her long and intimate association with the city school system, her service as principal of the Chicago normal school and as a member of the Chicago University faculty had revealed qualities of leadership that promised well for her success in the difficult position to which she has been elected.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

M. G. R.

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Will you reinstate a member who has not lost interest, but just got a little negligent about writing? There is no paper that I take that gives me more enjoyment than The Blade, and especially the Household page. I do not think I miss the reading of a single letter. They are so elevating, cheering and helpful. I have said to my friends, this M. G. R. is made up of good, moral, thinking people.

Some answer, "I have not time to read those letters. I never expect to see those people." Of course, we do not expect to meet one another face to face, but as I read the letters it seems to me that I know all of you, and I feel if we were not interested in one another's welfare we would not be writing letters.

I am glad to see that so many of our circle are farmers. I am interested in this calling, as I have lived on a farm all of my life. I am a member and lecturer of the organization that represents our own occupation.

As it is in order to tell about picnics, I might tell something of the picnic our grange held. The forenoon was spent in contesting in athletic games, such as foot races, wheelbarrow races, etc. Then came dinner, which was eaten in picnic fashion. And what a dinner it was, with more than an abundant supply of the good things which God has so graciously given to us. The afternoon was made enjoyable by speaking and music, and the day was, all in all, a profitable one.

I am glad to see that the M. G. R. has a number of members who belong to the grange. New England Girl, you seem to have a good, live grange. Why don't you organize a juvenile? Isn't it a happy thought to think that so many of our M. G. R. like to go to church and Sunday school. I had the privilege of attending a township Sunday school convention this summer. It certainly was a fine meeting.

I would like to suggest a topic for discussion: "What we owe one another." Olive Branch, could not you write us an article on this subject?

Dorothy B., do not become discouraged; you have found out while you are young what so many fail to find out until it is too late. Your letter sounds good to me. Study hard and you will come out all right.

Chatter-Box, can't you write us another noisy letter?

Patient Mary V., write and let us know how your health is. I feel much interested in you, for I have been afflicted all my life.

Here is a verse I want to pass along:

Turn to the world a shining face
There are sad hearts everywhere;
The smile that you give may help some one to live,
May help somebody's burdens to bear.
Turn to the world a courage brave,
There is someone you may inspire,
When your own heart fails, and your courage fails,
You can turn for your strength still higher.

With best wishes to all the M. G. R. readers.—Granger.

Ah, now a subject has been suggested that calls for a reply from my pen. We shall each want to tell what our ideal husband, or wife, is like. As to personal appearance, my ideal husband is a handsome man with smooth face, deep brown eyes—mine are blue—and brown hair slightly curling. He will not be too tall or large, but just medium, as I am. He must be a good man, of course, and never, never drink, swear, or chew tobacco. He might be permitted to smoke a cigar occasionally, but not a pipe or cigaret. If he is very kind to me and thoughtful and loving, he may be the master and I would defer to him in all things—maybe. Only if I should bend my will to his, he should bend his to mine, sometimes. Don't you think so? I want him to be a good, consistent Christian and be a help and uplift to me in my spiritual life as I should try to be to him.

After marriage we would still mingle with our friends and attend a few entertainments, etc., and not withdraw from the world and within ourselves. We would wish to keep broadening our minds and not let them grow narrow. We would not worship money and its accumulation to the exclusion of all else. My ideal husband will not go alone to take his pleasures and leave me at home. We must be companions fully. I must share his sorrows and disappointments, therefore I should share his joys and successes. An allowance? Oh, yes, there should be no question about that. Do you think my ideal husband exists?—"Otach."

"What kind of a wife do I admire?" What a question for me to attempt to answer. You may be sure I am single (now). One can find troubles enough in the world at large without hurrying into matrimony. I believe in, and am taking my time, in choosing a partner for life, as I have heard a great deal about love at first sight and the (usually) consequent trouble. I am sure I shall marry sometime, but I want a girl who can return my love and not give it to some other fellow. Not through any selfishness or jealousy, but because it rightfully belongs to me. That is the kind of wife I should admire.

First of all, I want it understood that I would admire my wife above all others, not because I believe she is any better or superior to any one else, but because it is right that I should. When a man marries, it is generally understood that he admired the girl he married, and this should be carried on for life.

I admire a wife of morality and justice; one who is truthful, sincere and warm-hearted; one who is hopeful and always looking on the bright side of life. I admire a wife who is honest, straightforward, generous, active, enterprising, and one who is the same to all; not two-faced or fickle. One with a display of pride and dignity (but not arrogant); one who is gentle and noble; one who is courteous to all, whether high or low—these are characteristics of a wife I would admire.

I suppose, to make a long story short, I would admire an angel for a wife, at least that is probably what you may think, but there are a great many with at least some of the above characteristics, and I would like to get acquainted with them all. Are you one?

In a previous letter I said I lived close to nature, but it is not through the woods, birds, flowers or animals. I study God's law as told by the stars—those apparently insignificant white spots of light one sees in the heavens any clear night. From the stars and one's birth date I can tell the character or the life story, past, present and future. It is by this means that I intend to find my true wife, the one I will admire and with whom I can "live happily ever after."—Merura.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

O, sweet September! thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

What are you people planning to do in the coming fall and winter? If anything new and wonderful, let us know about it, for friendship's sake, and to keep the M. G. R. moving.—Miss Prudence.

Since our mail report of the past week we have letters from Jennie Myers, Hamlet's Ghost, Bertha Anderson, and Butterfly.

Some one wrote a letter to the M. G. R. enclosing a pretty pen and ink drawing, but no name was signed. Don't be a mystery. Who are you?

Green Mountain Boy—I was glad to hear from you, but I do not think it wise to publish the letter. It might make trouble, or hurt the writer's feelings. Come again with something different.

MOTHER'S PRESENT

"Her silver wedding present was the best one," said Charlie. He was thinking of all the presents they had given mother in the years which were gone.

"Yes, but that cost lots and lots of money!" Allan sighed.

"I suppose we could make things. She liked my manual training letter case last year better than any thing I could have bought, and she uses Allan's bread board every day. She'd miss them lots if she didn't have them. But we'd have to buy materials to make anything, and there isn't money enough to spare for that this year."

"She's like a vase of flowers," said Herbert.

"We might do the dishes every morning," suggested Allan doubtfully.

"Oh, she wouldn't want us to do that," said Herbert. "Sometimes it is too late when we get through breakfast, and time to go to school. Sometimes there are too many dishes for us to do, and sometimes there are errands, or I have to study—and we do them when she wants us to, anyway. That isn't a present."

"Whistle, Herbert," said Allan. "Whistle and think of something she'd like us to do for a whole year, that she wants us to do just awfully, and that we don't have to do, so it would be a real present.

Herbert whistled a long time—Annie Rooney, My Country 'Tis of Thee, and Columbia, Gem of the Ocean. It was Saturday morning. They wanted to decide about the present before mamma came home from the market. She would be back about 9 o'clock. It was 9:15 now.

To Thee, O God, we offer——"

whistled Herbert.

"We sang that in church last Sunday," whispered Allan. "Don't you remember?"

He began to sing the words, softly at first, then letting them ring out:

Again we mete to thank Thee
To raise our loving prayer——"

"O, boys," cried Herbert, "I've got it! I know!"

There was a great deal of planning and whispering and laughing during the next few days, but that was only about how to tell mamma what her present was. From the time Herbert first thought of it they did not hesitate as to what it should be.

When the birthday morning came, mamma found a sealed envelope on her plate at the table. In it was a card, and on the card was written, very carefully:

"Boston, Mass., June 8, 1908.

"Dear Mamma: We wish you many happy Returns. We are sorry we can't buy you something for your birthday, but we know you want to get Charlie's shoes, so here is 76 cents we have saved to help get them.

"For your present we hereby promise we will go to church every Sunday for a whole year, unless we are too sick to go to day school, cause you don't make us go when we are, and you won't have to tell us to go once. And we hope you will like it.

"With love, your sons,

"HERBERT, ALLAN, CHARLIE."

A glad smile flushed over mamma's face as she read, and when she had finished, she drew the boys to her, and kissed each one in turn. "It is fine boys," she said, "just grand! There isn't a thing for sale in all the stores in Boston that would have pleased me so much as this."—Fannie Wilder Brown, in Youth's Companion.

A VALUED POSSESSION

My little sister, three years old, had a peach given her which was the first she had ever seen.

When I saw it, I went up to her, and taking the peach from her, took a bite out of it.

Immediately she began to cry, and I asked what she was crying for.

"I wanted to keep that little woolen apple," was her reply.—The Delineator.

A VITAL QUESTION

Lippincott's.

Little Eugene, aged 3, is the baby of the family. One night, after having had his supper and being put to bed, he propounded to his mother this question: "Mamma, who got my supper for me when you was little?"

THE POETS' CORNER

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY

By Frank Olive.

Well, no; my wife ain't dead, sir. But
I've lost her all the same;
She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.
It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—
When you hear the circumstances—'twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow; he was killed at Malvern Hill,
And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still.
But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see
A better wife than Mary was for five bright years to me.

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow
Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow.
I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir.
And as for me, I can't begin to tell you how I loved her.

Three years ago the baby came our humble home to bless,
And then, I reckon, I was nigh to perfect happiness.
'Twas hers—'twas mine. But I've no language to explain to you
How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew.

Once we watched it through a fever and with each gasping breath
Dumb with an awful wordless woe, we waited for its death;
And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together there,
For heaven to spare our darling went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live our joy what words could tell?
Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together fell.
Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest;
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a-plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing;
Early and late you'd find me there, a-hammering and singing.
Love nerved my arm to labor and moved my tongue to song,
And though my singing wasn't very sweet it was tremendous strong.

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe,
And while I was at work we passed a compliment or two.
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away at Malvern Hill.
"Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?" "That's me," said he.

"You, you!" I gasped, choking with horrid doubt.
"If you're the man, just follow me. We'll try this mystery out!"
With dizzy steps I led him to Mary. God! 'twas true!
Then the bitterest pangs of misery unspeakable I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild, despairing moan.
'Twas he! the husband of her youth, now risen from the dead.
But all too late, and with bitter cry her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead;
On his return he strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife to learn.
'Twas well that he was innocent, else I'd have killed him, too, so dead,
He never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew.

It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.
No sinner at the judgment seat waiting eternal doom
Could suffer what I did while waiting sentence in that room.

Rigid and breathless there we stood with nerves as tense as steel,
While Mary's eyes sought each white face in piteous appeal.
God! Could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah! how my heart was chilled to ice
When she knelt down and said:
"Forgive me, John! He is my husband.
Here! Alive! Not dead!"
I raised her tenderly and tried to tell her she was right.
But, somehow in my aching breast the prisoned words stuck tight.

"But, John, I can't leave baby." "What! wife and child?" cried I.
"Must I yield all? Ah, cruel fate! Better that I should die.
Think of the long, sad, lonely hours waiting in doom for me;
No wife to cheerer me with her love, no babe to climb my knee!

"And yet you are her mother and the sacred mother love
Is still the tenderest, purest tie that heaven ever wove.
Take her, but promise, Mary, for that will bring no shame,
My little girl shall bear her father's name."

It may be in the life to come I'll meet my child and wife.
But yonder, by my cottage, we parted for this life.
One long handclasp from Mary and my dream of love was done;
One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was gone.

HAIL TO THE QUEEN OF THE SILENT NIGHT

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Hail to the queen of the silent night,
Shine clear, shine bright.
Yield thy pensive light.
Blithely we'll dance in the silvery ray,
Happily passing the hours away.
Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight,
Play with the pearls of shadowy night.
Heaven's arches ring,
Stars wink and sing.
Hail, silent night.

CHORUS:

Fairy moonlight, fairy moonlight,
Fairy, fairy, fairy moonlight.

Dart thy pure beam from thy throne on high,
Roam on through sky
Robed in azure dye.
We'll laugh and sport while the night bird sings,
Flapping the dew from his sable wings;
Must we not love the stilly night,
Dressed in her robes of blue and white?
Then let us sing,
Time's on wing.
Hail, silent night.

THE GRAVE

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There is a calm for those who weep;
A rest for weary pilgrims found.
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless bed.
From all my toil.

Art thou a wanderer? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam;
Leave! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

There is a calm for those who weep!
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground.

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die!

ENCOURAGEMENT

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Who dat knocken at de do?
Why, Ike Johnson—yes, fu sho.
Come in, Ike. Ise mighty glad
You come down. I thought you's mad
At me 'bout de other night an' wuz
Stayin' 'way fu spite. Say, now,
Wuz you mad fu true when
I kindo laughed at you?
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Tain't no use a-lookin' sad,
An' a makin' out you'se mad;
Ef you gwine to be so glum.
Wondah why you evah come;
I don't lak nobody 'roun'
Dat jes' shet dey mouf an' frown,
Oh now, man, don' act dunce!
Can't you talk? I tole you once,
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Why'd you come hyeah fu tonight?
Body'd think you hain' ain' right.
I'se done all 'at I kin do,
Dressed perticler jes' fu you;
Reckon I'd a bettah wo'
My ol' ragged calico,
Aftah all de pains I's took,
Cain't you tell me how I look?
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Bless my soul, I most forgot
Tellin' you 'bout Tildy Scott;
Don' you know comin' Thursday night
She gwine ma'y Lucas White?
Miss Lize say I allus were
Heap sight lakiler'n her,
An' she'll git me sompin' new
Ef I wants to ma'y, too.
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

I could ma'y in a week,
Ef de man I wants ud speak;
Tildy's presents 'll be fine,
But dey wouldn't ekal mine;
Him what gits me fu a wife'll be proud,
You bet you' life.
I'se had offers—some ain't quit,
But I hasn't married yit.
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Ike, I loves you, yes I does;
You'se my choice an' allus wuz;
Laughin' at you ain't no harm,
Why, Ike Johnson, whar's you' arm?
Hug me close—dah, dat's right!
Wasn't you a awful sight
Havin' me to baig you so?
Now ax what you want to know,
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

SPEED AWAY

(Author Unknown.)

Speed away! speed away! on thine errand of light!
There's a young heart awaiting thy coming tonight;
She will fondle thee close she will ask for the loved,
Who pine upon earth since the "Day star" has roved,
She will ask if we miss her, so long is her stay,
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away!

And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,
That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing;
That she standeth alone, in the still quiet night,
And her fond heart goes forth for the being of light,
Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away!

Go, bird of the silver wing! fetterless now;
Stop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow;
But hie thee away, o'er rock, river and glen,
And find our young "Day Star" ere night comes again;
Up, onward! let nothing thy mission delay,
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away!

POEMS REQUESTED

A poem is wanted whose title is thought to be Clover. It begins: "Daddy, won't you tell the story?"

The following is a clue to a requested poem:

When death's cold hand the curtain draws,
And life's long journey's through.

Who knows a temperance poem, written by Olive Harper and entitled The Martyred Mother. Two of its lines are:

He is lost; My son is Lost!
Have any of you seen him?

A child's piece, of which the following is a clue, is wanted:

There was a thrifty mouse and toad,
Trying to draw a load.

An Easter hymn is asked for, which opens with these lines:

How calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb.

Two poems asked for are James Whitcomb Riley's, A Few of the Bird Family, starting: "The old Bob White and chip bird; and Bret Harte's, Old John Burns at Gettysburg.

The poem entitled Kentucky Belle is asked for.

A friend of ours wants the poem, The Baggage Coach Ahead.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Willimantic, Conn.—"For five years I suffered untold agony from female troubles, causing backache, irregularities, dizziness and nervous prostration. It was impossible for me to walk upstairs without stopping on the way. I tried three different doctors and each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them, but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said nothing would restore my health. I began

taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, Box 299, Willimantic, Conn.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

ERRIBLE ITCHING

Over Hands and Arms—Could Sleep—Scratched and Bled—Had Doctor 7 Months.

URA CURED IN 2 WEEKS

daughter, twelve years of age, fflicted with a terrible itching of ds which was so bad at night that unable to sleep. She scratched until she bled. The trouble beshape of small pustules which severe itching and then a hard ed over the fingers it med on top. From the fingers it over the hand and as far as the The doctors said it was eczema, t recovery would necessarily be treated my daughter for seven but the trouble always grew But after I had used the Cuti- Soap, Ointment and Pills for two her hands were healed. Mrs. M. South Haven, Minn., April 1 and 1908."

ug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

K GIVES FULL PROOF

d Scientists Are Pres- nd Accept Explorer's Explanation.

nhagen, September 6.—Absoroof that he discovered the pole has been given by Dr. k A. Cook, of America, to rederick of Denmark. nouncement of the fact was immediately following an au- of nearly an hour, which Dr. ad had with King Frederick. ts. Dr. Cook submitted, at request, and also that of the an extensive diary containing nical observations of the sun the country as he progressed. ientists pronounced his data ely correct. tailed account of his polar was gained from Dr. Cook by e body of newspaper correts at the Hotel Phoenix to-

Explains About New Land.

he was asked whether or not t account of his discovery of le could be accepted as enhis own work. He replied in rmative, except for the obvious in transmission. He then exthe doubt about the 30,000 miles discovered, saying that nt they were able to see fifteen on each side during their jourthe pole and that therefore rto unknown territory of 30,quare miles was now discov-

Cook proceeded to show that s fully competent to take all tions, saying that on previous ng expeditions he had done rable observation work, which was divided among the memf the party.

positions noted must have nearly correct. We had three meters, one watch, compasses dometers. All were carefully ked by each other from time to The watch, however, got out of

Had Modern Instruments.

had all the modern instruncluding thermometers, baromnd sextants of the latest modt is possible that our observare better than those of earlier ut I do not assert that I am y familiar with making asical observations, especially in ar regions. I thing that all exwill be satisfied with my data. planted the Stars and Stripes at we believed to be the pole, d not leave the flag with a Instead, I placed a small silk a cylinder with my card and ord of the journey, with the The drift ice may carry the ay, but to me that is a matter fference. I should have been ad to have found land there, ning the ice around the pole, as I could see, it was slightly ctive there than at one or two south. It drifted somewhat to the south and east. Its genharacter is not very different that at other places. to the temperature at the pole minus 38. I took about 400 graphs, one of which shows the an flag flying. These as yet not been developed. stayed around the pole for two making many observations. I claim to have put my finger exact spot; I do not claim to ut my foot on it, but personally e we have been at the spot. the observations have been figout again it is possible that will be found slight errors and ces, but I am certain that a ot fired from where we were have passed over the pole.

Had Considerable Game.

daily distance covered on the ard trip was slightly less than miles; on the southward trip ten miles. This is not an abdistance for Eskimos on the hey often travel fifty or sixty with dogs.

e of the greatest advantages trip was that I did not take a route. We had game for a long perhaps for a 100 miles. We fed gs well throughout the winter enland and ran them 400 miles, we brought them to the polar and well. We had the best nd the best dogs.

last trace of animals we saw bear track at 83 degrees. Afd we did not even see life in ter except algae. The drift of during the entire southern trip ightly south of east; the direcf the wind was generally south We found several of Sverold camps.

ring the expedition we ate all of meat. I like musk ox best, would eat bear or fox if the was not obtainable. Everything good when one is starving. We ten dogs back with us, the having been eaten by their tions. We used the lassoo, and bows and arrows to catch It took two months to learn trap a moose. One of the got an elder duck with arrows." Cook concluded his observawith a reference to the kind e had been treated by the king, as greatly interested in his adres. He stated that he is going York as soon as possible. He main here for a few days and will preceed to Brussels, where a member of the Polar club. ured his hearers that he did ant to go to the pole again, north or south.

IDENT SENDS OFFICIAL NGRATULATIONS TO COOK

ry, Mass., Sept. 6.—As head of tion President Taft put the seal roval on the achievement of rederick A. Cook, discoverer of rth Pole. In a 50-word dispatch resident heartily congratulated ook, thereby attesting before all rld his faith in the report which xplorer brings back from the north.

President's dispatch to Dr. Cook nt in reply to one received yesafternoon from the Arctic hero, y and formally reporting to the nt his success. Dr. Cook's message, which was forwarded from Washington, was as follows:

"Copenhagen, Sept. 4, 1909.

"President, the White House, Washington: I have the honor to report to the Chief Magistrate of the United States that I have returned, having reached the North Pole.

"FREDERICK A. COOK."

To this the President replied:

"Beverly, Mass., Sept. 4, 1909.

"Frederick A. Cook, Copenhagen, Denmark: Your dispatch received. Your report that you have reached the North Pole calls for my heartiest congratulations and stirs the pride of all Americans that this feat that has so long baffled the world has been accomplished by the intelligent energy and wonderful endurance of a fellow countryman. WILLIAM H. TAFT."

Read to the Family.

Dr. Cook's dispatch was received shortly before 2 o'clock and was immediately carried out to the President, who enthuisastically read it aloud to the family circle. There is reason to believe that other messages, of a private nature, were received at the same time, probably from Minister Egan at Copenhagen, clinching the claim of Dr. Cook to have reached the pole.

It was evident here that the President had been waiting definite and confirmatory details of Dr. Cook's achievement, because of the widespread effect that a congratulatory dispatch from Mr. Taft would have.

The fact that the President has sent his congratulations is regarded here as meaning that Dr. Cook has convinced Minister Egan, beyond a doubt, of his right to the world-wide honor that he claims.

It is impossible, just now, for the President to say what share he will take in the reception that is to be accorded to Dr. Cook upon his return to America. Within 10 days the President will depart on his tour of the west and south. He will not be back in the east until November. These engagements of the President were made far ahead and cannot be broken now. There was a suggestion here today that some sort of a national welcome might be tendered Dr. Cook in Washington during the coming winter in which the President would be glad to participate.

Showed Deep Interest.

President Taft has taken the keenest interest in the news regarding the discovery ever since the brief bulletin was received on Wednesday afternoon. Always a great newspaper reader, he has taken a deep interest in the controversy which Dr. Cook's feat has aroused among the Arctic experts.

Minister Egan's cablegram of last Thursday to the state department announcing that Dr. Cook's accomplishment had been confirmed by the Danish commissioner for Greenland was repeated to the President, but he withheld any comment until he received today the personal cablegram which Dr. Cook evidently filed as soon as he reached the Danish capital.

CANADA TO HALT TRADE

Exportation of Crown Land Products to U. S. Will Be Prohibited.

Montreal, Sept. 3.—While it is true that there is resentment in this country over the new provisions of the Payne tariff affecting the pulp and paper industry, it is felt both at Ottawa and Quebec that nothing can be gained by the imposition of export duties. The federal government, it is officially announced, will not take any action of a retaliatory nature in this direction, and any legislation it may enact will be directed rather to a final settlement rather than an aggravation of the difficulties at present in the way.

It can be authoritatively announced that the future action of the Quebec provincial government will be in line with the policy most acceptable to the Dominion as a whole rather than any calculated to meet only the immediate situation as it is found in the province of Quebec.

The existing timber leases in that province expire at the end of the current year. The government will have to decide upon its policy soon in order that it may be carried into effect with the granting of the new leases.

It is certain that the provincial government will follow the example of Ontario and make it a stipulated essential condition of all new leases that there shall be absolutely no exportation of unmanufactured pulpwood to the United States in so far as crown lands are concerned. It would require an act of the Dominion government to prohibit exportations from other than crown lands. Considerably more than 50 per cent of the unmanufactured pulpwood sent from Quebec province to the United States is exported by farmers from their own lands.

The provincial government can take action in the matter without calling parliament together, as the assent of the provincial assembly is not necessary to any change in the conditions of timber leases, though such change would in all probability be submitted to it if the premier decided to call a late fall session. On this latter point no authoritative announcement is forthcoming.

AGAIN CUTS RECORD

Lusitania Now Ahead of Mauretania.

New York, Sept. 3.—Three new ocean records fell to the Cunard liner Lusitania on her latest trip from Queenstown, which ended last night.

The Lusitania made the passage in 4 days, 11 hours and 42 minutes, thereby clipping 3 hours and 18 minutes from her fastest previous time; she maintained an average speed of 25.85 knots for the entire voyage, beating the Mauretania's record of 25.84; and finally by landing her passengers at the Cunard pier shortly before 8 o'clock she became the first liner to dock on the fourth day out from Queenstown.

The Lusitania left Daunt's Rock last Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Her day's runs, measured from noon to noon, were as follows: Sunday, 61; Monday, 650; Tuesday, 652; Wednesday, 651; Thursday, 647; and from noon today, 123; total, 2,784.

The Lusitania and Mauretania heretofore have left Queenstown on Sunday and reached the Ambrose channel lightship too late on Thursday evening to allow them to dock before Friday morning. Today for the first time one of them proved herself a "Thursday ship" in the vernacular of the sailormen on board, and thereby became a real four day boat.

The liner was favored by fair weather for almost the entire voyage. The tail of a squally northeaster made part of her last night unpleasant for passengers and crew but did not interfere with her speed.

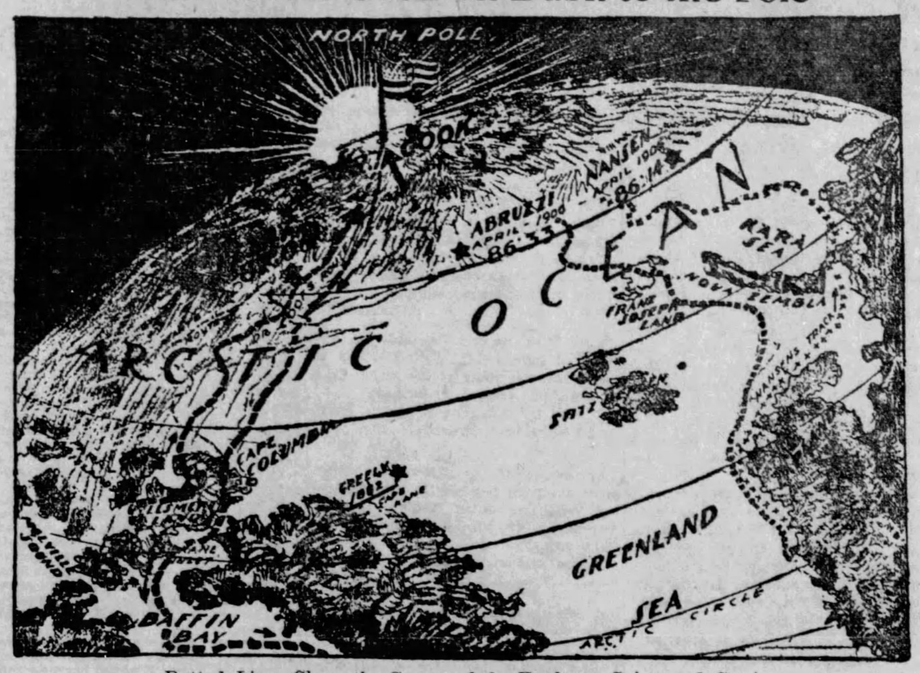
13 INJURED IN COLLISION

Rock Island Train Crashes Into Crowded Trolley Car.

Des Moines, Sept. 3.—Mrs. R. M. Rollins and Mrs. Edward Lawless were probably fatally hurt and 11 other passengers were severely injured last night when a loaded Rock Island passenger train, carrying state fair visitors, struck a packed Fort Des Moines street car in the middle and crushed it to kindling wood.

The street car was dragged 50 feet on the pilot and wrecked against the steel girders of the railroad bridge across the Des Moines river. The wrecked car remained balanced precariously on the bank of the river 20 feet above the water. It was with difficulty that the injured were taken from the wreckage without falling into the river.

Route of Dr. Cook on Dash to the Pole



Dotted Lines Show the Course of the Explorer, Going and Coming.

NO INSULT TO FLEET

Naval Officers Deny Story That Italian Cruiser Spied on Them.

Washington, Sept. 3.—General regret is expressed in administration circles over the publication ascribing improper motives to the commander of the Italian cruiser Aetna, which on Saturday morning last is reported to have steamed between the ships of the Atlantic battleship fleet engaged in taget practice off the Virginia capes.

Naval officers in authority in Washington expressed the opinion that any criticism of the action of the commander of the vessel should be withheld until some substantial evidence is at hand that he in any way violated international propriety in an effort to observe the operations and results of the gunners' work aboard the vessels. The Aetna, they say, is a guest of the nation and it would be highly improbable that her commander would be guilty of an affront to our people.

Rear Admiral William S. Cowles, acting secretary of the navy, was very emphatic in his declaration that in his opinion there was no foundation for the allegations of impropriety. He said:

"I have heard nothing officially about the matter, and I have not talked with any officer coming from the fleet aobut it. The story to me is absurd. The Italian came along, saw what was going on as it was perfectly proper he should, and then went on his way. There was nothing improper in what he did, that I can see. There was nothing going on aboard the fleet for her officers to see even if they were looking for something, and I don't see what they could have ascertained that would have benefited them, even had there been something going on."

Captain Nathaniel Usher, the acting chief of the bureau of navigation, declared that not a word had come to the navy department officially regarding the so-called incident, although the department was in constant wireless communication with the fleet.

Captain Usher expressed the opinion that even if the Italians were observing the result of any target practice that may have been in progress, it would have availed them nothing of practical value.

OHIO YOUTH IS SLAIN

Lured by Mexican Rurales and Shot to Death.

St. Louis, Sept. 6.—William De La Pena, former student of the Christian Brothers' college of St. Louis, and Ohio State University, has been killed by a force of rurales obeying orders from the Mexican government, according to a message received here today from Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico.

His death, according to the message, was due to the interest he was taking in the approaching elections as a member of the anti-re-election party, which is opposed to President Diaz.

De La Pena was 21 years old. While at Ohio State University last year he was secretary of the Cosmopolitan club and was elected vice president for the coming year.

The dispatch says he was at his country home when an officer of the rurales invited him to take a walk. He mounted his horse and went with the soldiers. Next day servants found his body riddled with bullets. Two rurales, it was later discovered, were wounded.

MAY GO TO ALASKA

Taft Also Thinks of Hawaiian Trip.

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 3.—President Taft in bidding good bye yesterday to Walter Ely Clark, who is to be inaugurated at Juneau as governor of Alaska, October 1, announced that he probably would visit the far northwestern territory next summer.

It is reported that if the president should go to Alaska next year he may extend his trip to include the Hawaiian islands.

WOMAN PERIL NOW THE MOST ALARMING, SAYS A SCHOLAR

Winnipeg, September, 6.—"Themost disquieting feature of the times is the revolt of women against their motherhood and their claim to be on an equality with man and to compete with man in every way."

That was the deliberate, solemn declaration at the session of perhaps the most important body of scientists in existence, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which held its seventy-ninth annual convention here, meeting in Canada for the first time in 12 years. The eminent scholar who sounded the warning was Prof. Henry Edward Armstrong, of the London Central Institute, head of the chemical section of the convention. He went on to say in his carefully prepared paper:

"There should be no question of equality raised. When comparison is made between complementary factors the question of equality does not and cannot come into consideration. It is clear that should the struggle arise—and it is to be feared that it is coming upon us—there can be but one issue: woman must fail and in failing must carry man to her destruction."

Dr. Armstrong declared his faith in the progress of chemistry toward solving the problem of life and sex, but found fault with present conditions of society which place no hindrance in the way of the unfit.

"Those who presumably are the fittest," he asserted, "are failing to contribute in proper proportion to the perpetuation of their race. The condition of affairs today affords a most striking exemplification of the slowness with which civilized nations are learning to appreciate the lessons of science. No problem can compare in importance with that of the future of our race.

Is Education a Failure?

"Not only do we encourage deterioration at the lower end of the scale of intelligence. We are now, through our system of education, courting failure also at the upper end. Herbert Spencer forcibly drew attention many years ago to the tendency which the development of individuality must have to depress fertility and to the evil effects of severe mental labor on women especially.

"It has been stated that in the United States of America the higher education of girls has been proved to sterilize them."

Major Patrick George Craigie, lately lecturer on the history and economics of agriculture in Cambridge university, previously assistant secretary of the British board of agriculture and chairman of the sub-section of agriculture at this convention, gave this advice to the farmers of the United States and Canada:

Man Doesn't Live by Bread Alone.

"It is no use to treat the vast territories you have at your disposal as if they were a mere wheat mine, to be exploited in all haste and without regard to its permanence and its future profitable development. It is unwise to proceed as if bread were the only item of food requiring attention at your hands, and to regard a spasmodic rush of grain for a limited number of years from a poorly tilled surface as the only way to profitable returns.

The stale maxim of not carrying all your eggs in one basket has a very ample profound truth to rest upon. The farming of the future must ultimately be one of more careful tillage, more scientific rotations and of consideration for the changes in the grouping of population and in the world-wide conditions of man and his varying wants. What is going on all over the world has to be learned and studied well.

"Wheat pioneers of the Northwest must not forget the possibility of yet new competitors arising in the single task of wheat growing, whether they are to be looked for in the still developing sections of the Russian Empire and the still open levels of Argentina, the little known regions of Manchuria, the basin of the Tigris and Euphrates, the more complete irrigated plains of India, the tablelands of Central Africa, or perhaps under new conditions and a more developed control of the reserves of water supply on the southern shores of the Mediterranean or even in the long tilled valley of the Nile."

The Demand for Shorter Hours.

Prof. S. J. Chapman, of the University of Manchester, England, president of the economic science and statistics section, asserted in his paper:

"The increased nervous strain of industrial work, whether it results from the progressive specialization of labor or not, would account sufficiently for the curious circumstance that there is apparently no finality about any solution of the ever recurring problem of the normal working day, though it is not the sole explanation.

"The workman whose day has been reduced is soon repeating his demand for shorter hours, and there are pessimists who think they discern a growing disinclination to make an effort and a growing disposition to take the easy path; but that the truth cannot be mainly with the pessimists an examination of the effects of curtailments of the daily hours of labor upon output would at least suggest.

"There is some risk of an underrating of the new needs of the life lived outside the hours devoted to production—which should themselves be not a sacrifice to real living but a part of it—and of an underrating of the dependence even of productive advance upon the widespread enjoyment and proper use of adequate leisure and an adequate income."

Progress in Exploring.

Col. Sir Duncan Johnston, honorary secretary of the Royal Geographical society and president of the geographical section, remarked in his address:

"I doubt if there has ever been a year in which more important additions to geographical knowledge have been made than those resulting from the journeys of Dr. Sven Hedin, Dr. Stein and Lieut. Shackleton. Other expeditions are helping to diminish the unexplored area. Among those in progress I may mention Col. Kozlof's expedition to Mongolia, which has already visited Kuku Nor and which is exploring the upper course of the Huang Ho and other parts of Mongolia. Lieut. Boyd Alexander is exploring in West Africa. The Duke of the Abruzzi is investigating part of the mountainous region across our Indian frontier, Dr. Longstaff is exploring another part of that mountain system, Capt. R. E. Peary and Capt. E. Mikkelsen are leading expeditions in different parts of the Arctic regions, and M. Charcot is exploring in the Antarctic

HUNTER FINANCED TRIP

John R. Bradley, Sportsman, Helped Dr. Cook Reach North Pole.

Funds and equipment for Dr. Cook's expedition to the north pole generally are known to have been supplied by John R. Bradley, the "silent" partner of E. R. Bradley, his brother, who has a country-wide reputation as a sportsman and horseman.

"Jack" Bradley, who built the schooner John R. Bradley for Dr. Cook, and furnished the coin, going with the party himself as far as the Arctic ocean, declared last night in New York that he expected nothing else but victory for Dr. Cook.

Mr. Bradley said Dr. Cook would cable him from Copenhagen on reaching there, and at that time he might have something more to say in conection with the expedition.

How Trip Was Conceived.

How Mr. Bradley came to send an expedition to the north pole is an interesting story of itself. Primarily, he did not equip his schooner, which later he turned over to Dr. Cook, for a strictly polar expedition of discovery, but having hunted big game in every other quarter of the globe, and sighing for other worlds to conquer, he decided to shoot polar bears, seals and such other game as could be found in the northern fringe of this continent. He wanted sport, and Dr. Cook, who had become notable as the first man to conquer Mount McKinley in Alaska, the tallest and bleakest peak in North America, if not in the hemisphere, went along as a companion and to make scientific observations.

Cost of Trip About $15,000.

Mr. Bradley said last night that he had had the Bradley built in Gloucester, Mass., in the summer of 1907, especially for the polar hunting trip. At what cost to himself he would not say at this time, he declared, but he paid for it out of his own pocket, and equipped it for a two years' trip. The whole cost, however, of the trip did not run over $15,000.

Shooting Too Tame.

What ever were the intentions of Mr. Bradley and Dr. Cook when they sailed from Gloucester in the fall of 1907, their purpose crystallized when they reached the Arctic regions around Christmas time, and Mr. Bradley found that shooting lazy and clumsy polar bears on the ice tame sport when compared with being chased by a 4,000-pound rhinoceros in the jungle of Africa. Mr. Bradley determined to come home and to permit Dr. Cook to take the vessel on an expedition to discover the pole.

Bradley's career as a hunter probably has not been surpassed by an American. He has been called the greatest amateur big game hunter in the world." To scour the African jungles it cost him the sum of $20,000. In his caravan were 130 natives.

Photographs of this expedition show a caravan, each man carrying from 80 to 100 pounds on his head. The men were picked from various tribes and were under the guidance of native experts from the country of the Mad Mullah. By playing one faction against another, Bradley was able to preserve peace and order.

An Interesting Studio.

Bradley's studio is filled with the specimens of his hunting trips, and the skill with which they have been mounted by Paris experts is said to form so vivid a contrast to the ordinary stuffed animals seen in museums that they appear as if still breathing.

Heads of rhinoceri and tigers, skins of all the most savage of animals, and a whole family of African antelope, full grown ones, but only 14 inches in height, are among the curiosities which attract the admiration of visitors.

Among the ornaments are tables and toilet boxes made of the skins of the hippopotamus and rhinoceros, so beautifully prepared that they are nearly transparent, like the finest tortoise shell. Over a large piano is a rug which is made of the skins of white monkeys, held as sacred animals by the Uganda natives. The hair is long and silky.

Beaten Nearly to Death

This is a picture of Rodando Sutton, the West Point Cadet who was beaten with tent poles by his fellow-students until nearly dead. Seven cadets have been dismissed because of this brutal affair. Young Sutton is the brother of Lieut. Sutton, whose death at Annapolis led to charges that he was killed in a fight with brother officers.

CALLS UPON THE FARMERS TO TELL ABOUT PROPERTY

Washington, Sept. 6.—Farm economists and scientists learned in agricultural problems, appointed as expert special agents for a brief term, are now in Washington assisting Census Director Durand and his staff in the formulation of the agricultural schedule of the thirteenth census so that the questions to be asked by the census enumerators shall be easily comprehended by the farmers of the country and so draw out the information ordered by congress to be ascertained. At the same time these practical steps are being taken by the census bureau, the farmers themselves will be called upon to help push the statistical ploy over the country-wide field of farm data.

It will be suggested by Director Durand to the farmers that the work of securing accurate returns at the coming census of agriculture, which will be taken April 15, 1910, at the same time as the count of population, will be greatly facilitated if the farmers will keep or provide some sort of written record of their farm operations during the year 1909. This effort to secure the farmers' personal cooperation is but one of a number of ways and means chosen in the effort to secure an accurate, expeditious and economical census concerning population, agriculture, manufacture, mines and quarries, which are the subjects of inquiry defined in the census law.

Asks Organization's Aid.

Great good, it is expected, will be accomplished by getting into direct contact and co-operation with the farmers. Some of the instrumentalities which will be used to reach him and which promise practical results are the state commissioners and state boards of agriculture, the state agricultural colleges, the farmers' unions, the patrons of husbandry, the farmers' institutes and the agricultural experiment stations; in fact, all the existing organizations for the education and betterment of farmers, while the public press will be an important factor in this work. It is estimated that millions of farmers will be reached at their homes or at the mutural improvement meetings by the contemplated method of circulating preparatory information.

The questions about farm operations will relate to the present calendar year, 1909, but, on the other hand, the inquiries regarding farm equipment are directed toward the farmers' possessions of this kind on the day and date of the enumeration, April 15, 1910. The latter division of inquiry really amounts to an inventory. The necessity of some written or permanent record by the farmers themselves of farm operations is obvious and its value in furnishing data more reliable than guess work is equally evident.

Wants Many Records.

In order that the farmers may begin at once Director Durand indicates as follows what operations are to be recorded, although the schedule is still incomplete in shape:

"Each person in charge of a farm will be asked to state the acreage and value of his farm; that is, the acreage and value of; and kept and cultivated by him; also the area of land in his farm covered with woodland, and finally, that which is utilized for specified farm purposes.

"Each farmer will be asked to give the acreage, quantity produced and value of each crop, including grains, hay, vegetables, fruits, cotton, tobacco, etc., raised on the farm in the season of 1909.

"Each farmer will be asked to report the number and value of all domestic animals, poultry and swarms of bees on the farm on April 15, 1910; also the number and value of young animals, such as calves, colts, lambs, pigs; and of young fowls, such as chickens, turkeys, ducks, etc., raised in 1909. He will be further asked to state the number and kind of animals sold during 1909 and the receipts from such sales, the number purchased and the amount paid therefor; and also the number slaughtered for food and the value of such animals.

"The law requires a report of the number of cows kept for dairy purposes in 1909, and the total estimates amount of milk produced on the farm; also the amount of butter and cheese sold and the amount received from such sales.

"In addition to the inquiry regarding animals on the farm April 15, 1910, the census will seek to ascertain the quantity and value of all eggs, honey and wax produced on the farm in 1909.

"Of the expenditures of the farm, the census schedule will call for a statement of the amount paid farm labor; the amount paid for food for live stock; and the amount expended for fertilizers.

"If the farm changes owners or tenants between the crop year 1909, and the date of enumeration, it is requested that the occupant of the farm in 1910 shall secure the above information relating to the farm for the year 1909. The owner or tenant this year shall leave his book record with his successor."

Information Is Confidential.

Farmers need not fear that the information they give to the census enumerators will be used in any way to their detriment as the census act provides that the information shall be used only for the statistical purposes for which it is supplied. "No publication shall be made by the census office whereby the data furnished by any particular establishment can be identified, nor shall the director of the census permit any one other than the sworn employes of the census office to examine the individual reports," is the way the law reads. Furthermore, the information reported on the agricultural schedule will not be used as a basis of taxation or communicated to any assessor.

Refusals to answer questions asked by census enumerators are made illegal and a penalty is provided for this as well as for the giving of false answers to the inquiries. Fines and imprisonment or both in cases of violation of the secrecy imposed upon supervisors, enumerators, special agents and other employes of the census office is provided in the act.

The importance of the agricultural census hardly can be overestimated since the total fixed capital invested in agricultural pursuits in 1900 was more than four times that of manufactures of the country, the total being $20,514,001,838. It is estimated by a process of calculation called "arithmetical progression," the method chosen by the census bureau, that next year's census will show almost 200,000 more farms in operation than in 1900, with a total in round figures of about 6,000,00. Prof. Powers, chief statistician of the census office, estimates that the 1910 census will show an increase of several millions in the number of people employed on the farms of the country. In 1900 there were 10,433,188 males and females over 10 years of age engaged in agricultural pursuits.

TO MAKE POLAR ATTEMPT IN A ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP

Berlin, Sept. 3.—Professor Hergesell, the scientific adviser of the proposed expedition to the North Pole in the Zeppelin airship, speaking today of Dr. Cook's achievement, said:

"I am sincerely glad an explorer has reached the pole. Our airship expedition, however, will not be affected in any way. When we first proposed to go to the Arctic in an airship the reaching of the actual North Pole was a matter of indifference to us. Our main object is to show how a dirigible balloon can be used for exploration. Our airship is intended for surveying and the taking of photographs, and it will be so constructed as to land on the drift ice if necessary.

"There is still much to be done in Arctic exploration, and there is the probability of great geographical discovery. We regard Dr. Cook as a serious man, but as he had only Eskimos with him, any great enrichment to science through his expedition is hardly likely, as it must have been impossible for him to carry the necessary instruments."

GRANDSON INHERITS CROWN

King of Abyssinia Passes Over His Son.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 6.—Hoffman Philip, consul general at Abyssinia, informs the state department, under date of July 27, 1909, that the nomination of Lij Yassu, grandson of Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, as successor to the Ethiopian throne was definitely promulgated to the Abyssinian people by the emperor May 15.

Mr. Philip states that all of the important governors and chiefs throughout the country were summoned to Adis Abaaba for the ceremony, and that a great assemblage was held in an open space near the town for the reading of the proclamation.

AMERICANS WIN THE SERIES

Third Race of Sonder Boats Taken by Joyette.

Marblehead, Sept. 3.—In the Sonderclasse races this afternoon the Joyette was winner. This gives three out of the first four races to American boats and the trophy stays on this side.

CANADA'S HARVEST IS NOW SAFE FROM FROST'S GRIP

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 3.—From where the Laurentian range tapers off into the prairie a little east of Winnipeg to the foot of the Rockies the harvest is in full swing. It is ideal harvesting weather and the farmers are taking full advantage of their opportunities. A stretch of a thousand miles of wheat land is noisy with the whir of the binder.

Now that the harvest is acutally assured, the west will rest easy after three heart breaking, agonizing months. For a bad harvest this year would have been a serious matter for the west, not to say the whole dominion. It meant the difference between bad times and good times. This year's crop was needed to straighten out the tangled finances of the west after the break in the boom in 1907.

The farmer got a bad start in the spring. The season was fully two weeks late and in a country where nipping night frosts can be looked for any time after the middle of August, a late season is a serious matter. The west was worried and anxious, but it whistled to keep up its courage and it didn't say much in the newspapers.

Conditions Ideal for Growing.

It was a gambling prospect. However, the seedbed was in splendid shape and the June weather was perfect for growing purposes. Gentle showers and smiling weather were interlarded in just the proper measure. Probably never has the west seen such astonishingly rapid growth. The grain—all vegetation—literally grew inches during the nights.

By the middle of July the crop had caught up to the growth of former years; by the 1st of August it had, to use a sporting phrase, lapped other years and was almost two weeks ahead. But a new worry then arose. During the last two weeks in July and the first two weeks in August heavy electric, wind and hail storms became more frequent and of increased violence.

Most alarming stories of the damage were received. There was also the old danger of rust through too much rain. That there was a heavy hail damage is certain. Many districts will be seriously affected. However, the west of today is not the west of a decade or even five years ago. Ten years ago three-fourths of the wheat came from southern Manitoba, so that it was possible through local storms to destroy the crop totally.

Whole Empire Now in Wheat.

The wheat country of today stretches from Winnipeg to Calgary, from Emerson to the Peace river country. It is an enormous country, and so the hail damage, severe as it is, will not impair most of the crop. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the total loss from hail runs more than 2 or 3 per cent.

There have been many estimates of the yield. It all depends on which side of the market you are, whether you are a bull or a bear. They have ranged from D. D. Mann's estimate of 140,000,000 bushels, which even the most optimistic grain men admit is high, to the guess of around 90,000,000 which some of the less cheerful farmers have made. The truth, as is usual, probably lies in the happy medium. Those who are best informed place the yield at from 100,000,000 bushels to 110,000,000 bushels. Considering the unsatisfactory opening season, and the splendid prices, the west will be well satisfied if it only touches the 100,000,000 mark.

If there had been a favorable spring there would have been an acreage that would have smashed all records. The ten days' late start scared many farmers, and this caused thousands of acres intended for wheat to be sown with oats and barley. As it is, there will be a slight increase in the wheat acreage. Manitoba shows a slight decrease, while Saskatchewan has an increase that will about counterbalance. Alberta also has a slight increase, principally in winter wheat sown last fall.

Estimates By the Railroads.

The following figures compiled by the railroads, which keep accurate records of the crop acreage and yield, so as to be able to handle their car distribution, is probably the best guide:

In 1903 there were 3,125,000 acres under wheat cultivation and the yield was 54,000,000 bushels.

In 1904, 3,500,000 acres, yield, 58,000,000 bushels.

In 1905, 4,252,000 acres; yield, 86,300,000 bushels.

In 1906, 5,000,000 acres; yield, 95,000,000 bushels.

In 1907, 5,013,544 acres; yield, 82,000,000 bushels.

In 1908, 5,767,250 cres; yield approximately, 100,000,000 bushels.

The railways say they never have been in a better shape for handling the crop.

Great Suit Offer

Just write us and we will send you absolutely FREE, by return mail, postpaid, a large outfit containing a big variety of cloth samples, fashion figures, tape measure, order blanks, etc., everything FREE, and WE WILL START YOU IN A PAYING BUSINESS. A most liberal offer on a suit for yourself that will make you wonder. Terms, conditions and privileges that will astonish you. We will name you so much lower prices on men's fine clothing that it will surprise you.

WE WANT A LIVE AGENT in your town. You can make from $25 to $50 clear every week. Be sure to write us before we get an agent in your town—you will get a wonderful offer. As soon as we get an agent in your town he will get profits on every dollar we sell in his territory. WE TURN ALL OUR BUSINESS OVER TO HIM. That's why our agents make so much money. If you want a suit for yourself ANSWER QUICK, before we get an agent in your town; then you will get all of our great inducements. If you would like to be our agent, tell us all about yourself. Address, Dept. 204 AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago, Ill.

HOUSEHOLD SHARPENING SET

AGENTS ARE COINING MONEY

Here's something brand new and the biggest money in 10 years. There is not a Sharpening Set in your neighborhood. It will sharpen anything from a pin to an axe, including scissors, knives, tools, etc. Send me your name and address.

S. R. MILLER, Pres., 288 Royal Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

FREE $1 BOX ON TRIAL

THE WEAK MADE STRONG

BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS act on the Vital Organs, Generate Vital Warmth and Nerve Force. Make you feel Strong, Vigorous, full of Natural VIM and equal to the Duties and Pleasures of Life. If you suffer with Lost Vitality, are Nervous, Weak, Worn out, Lack Strength, Energy, Ambition, Weakness or Pain in Heart, side or shoulder, Feel Despondent, Restless, have Dizzy Spells, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Pain in Kidneys or Liver, are Thin, Weak, Run Down; try BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS. Let us send you a full month's treatment on trial. When you are satisfied that they bring back Health and make life worth living, then pay us $1. Send name and address and we will mail you a DOLLAR BOX AT ONCE BIEL MFG. CO. 938 BARCLAY DENVER, COLO.

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CAN BE CURED

If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on the body, falling hair, swollen glands, pains in the bones, or sores continued headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our D.B. PANTER, former chief physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 20,000 patients of that company in the last fifteen years ending May 12th, 1905, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. Book let on Blood Poison, testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write PANTER REMEDY CO., Suite 372, 67 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE

Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R.F. MOSER, 891 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Confidential. Dr. R. G. CONWELL, successor to HARRIS INSTITUTE, Room 651 W. 23d St., New York

30 BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS No Two Alike-Latest Designs 10c

Lovely assortment of 30 Artistic Birthday, Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cents if you answer this ad immediately. J. H. Seymour, 203 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan

Agents Wanted Dr. Cook's Discovery of the North Pole, profusely illustrated from original photographs. The authentic book with maps, including history of previous explorations for 400 years. Commission 50 per cent. Freight paid, credit given. Complete outfit free. Send 10c for postage and be first in the field. The Thompson Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

DRAMATIST DIES

Clyde Fitch Is Unable to Rally From Operation for Appendicitis.

Chalons, Sur Marne, France, Sept. 6.—Clyde Fitch, the most successful of American dramatists, died Saturday evening, his physicians and his friend, Eugent Gauthier, being at his bedside.

Mr. Fitch had been operated on for appendicitis, a sudden attack of which he suffered Thursday while on an automobile tour. He rallied from the operation at first and was reported as in a fair way to recover, but yesterday morning he suffered a setback and this afternoon became delirious.

Clyde Fitch was born in New York, May 2, 1865. His parents were William Goodwin and Alice Clark Fitch. Fitch graduated from Amherst college, a member of the class of 1886. He was given the degree of master of arts in 1902 by the same college.

Before he was 40 Fitch had written 50 plays. He was recognized as the most successful, indeed, the foremost American dramatist of the day.

Made Immense Sums.

He was very wealthy, perhaps the wealthiest of American writers. His royalties often reached $5,000 a week, and for years his income had been not less than $200,000 a year. He maintained a rich mansion on E. 4th street, New York. Surrounded by art treasures he wrote his plays.

When in the mood for work, Fitch wrote ceaselessly, sometimes toiling 40 hours in succession over a manuscript. Several times he has completed a play in three weeks by his manner of holding himself to the task. For a long time he made seven plays a year his limit. Later he reduced this number to three, owning that the strain was too hard, and that the pace inevitably must mean his death if continued.

His Popular Plays.

Fitch's most recent success was The Blue Mouse, the adaptation of a German farce, which scored a season in New York and six months in Chicago, and is not yet done.

Some of the best known of his plays the The Smart Set, Barbara Fritchie, Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, Beau Brummel, A Modern Match, Mistress Betty, The Cowboy and the Lady, The Climbers, Lover's Lane, The Girl With the Green Eyes, Her Own Way, Truth, and The Girl and the Judge.

NO DANGER OF QUARREL OVER THE NEW LANDS

Washington, Sept. 3.—State department officials are of the opinion that it is of little consequence to the United States what lands Dr. Cook has discovered on his way to the North Pole so far as actual territorial possession is concerned.

It is recalled by the department officials that ever since 1828 American explorers in both the Arctic and Antarctic have discovered vast areas of land to which no claims were ever made. Admiral Wilkes found in the Antarctic a territory of more than 100,000 square mi

PEARY SAYS COOK DIDN'T REACH POLE

Dispatch to London Starts Bitter Fight Between the Two American Explorers and Their Admiring Friends

London, Sept. 7.—The Reuter Telegram company publishes a dispatch from St. Johns, N. F., in which it is said that Commodore Peary claims that he was the first man to reach the North Pole.

This is accepted as meaning that Peary will deny all claim made by Dr. Cook that he reached the Pole.

If Peary insists that he was at the Pole in April, of this year, and was the first man there, it means he denies Cook's claim of having been there in April, 1908.

With these two contradictory stories before the world, it is evident there is to be a battle royal with two hostile camps of scientists arrayed one against the other.

SAILS FROM INDIAN HARBOR.

St. Johns, N. F., Sept. 7.—The Peary Arctic steamer Roosevelt, left Indian Harbor, Labrador, today, for the southward. She will touch at Battle Harbor, which port she probably will not reach before tomorrow.

WILL SOON ENTER HARBOR AND SEND FULL DETAILS

New York, Sept. 7.—While Commander Peary, on board his Arctic exploration steamer Roosevelt, is on his way from Indian Harbor, Labrador, to Chateau Bay, on the straits of Belle Isle, the world awaits anxiously for the details of his successful trip to the North Pole, of which he gave information in brief but stirring messages yesterday from Indian Harbor.

A second message from Commander Peary was received by Herbert L. Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Arctic club, early today. In this message Commander Peary requested Mr. Bridgeman to notify the Geographical society, through the World, that the Peary Arctic club expedition had reached the North Pole. The message was dated at Indian Harbor, Labrador.

Captain R. A. Bartlett, of the Roosevelt, also telegraphed to a friend in this city from Indian Harbor as follows:

"It is accomplished. Kind regards to all."

Chateau Bay is the nearest point to Indian Harbor where Commander Peary can reach a telegraph line by which to tell to the world the story of his dash to the pole. The Roosevelt was due at Chateau Bay this afternoon, barring accident of delay, and when Commander Peary reaches there he probably will send confirmation of his first message giving the results of his trip and tell for the first time how he achieved the goal that has been his ambition for so many years.

Indian Harbor is connected with the rest of the world only by wireless telegraph, and a full story of the trip could hardly be expected from that distant station. The number of messages received from that station, both from Commander Peary and from his companions on his Arctic voyage, show that every effort was made to inform eager friends and associates of their success.

The latest word to come across the gap spanned by the wireless from Indian Harbor to Cape Ray, Newfoundland, was received today by Herbert L. Bridgman, of Brooklyn, secretary of the Peary Arctic club of this city. In this message Commander Peary requested Mr. Bridgman to inform the geographical societies throughout the world that the Peary Arctic expedition had reached the pole. His friends in this city regarded it as characteristic of Commander Peary that he should give the credit of his achievement to the club which bears his name and which aided him in undertaking his last trip at a time when his funds were low and assistance was needed more than ever before.

Government Is Notified.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Through Herbert L. Bridgman, the secretary of the Peary Arctic club, formal official notification of Commander Peary's achievement in reaching the north pole was made known to the government today. Mr. Bridgman sent a dispatch to the secretary of the navy in which he says that Commander Peary telegraphs from Indian Harbor, Labrador, as follows:

"North pole reached April 6 by Peary Arctic club expedition under my command."

PEARY'S WORD IS ACCEPTED BY SCIENTISTS OF WORLD

New York, Sept. 7.—The announcement of Commander Peary that he has discovered the north pole rivets the attention of the entire civilized world.

Whatever question of priority may exist between the claims of Commander Peary and Dr. Cook, there can be no doubt that to the United States belongs the unquestionable credit and lasting renown of discovering the north pole.

The remarkable coincidence of two American announcements of such a colossal achievement, coming within five days, after centuries of fruitless endeavor, constitutes one of the most remarkable coincidences in history.

The question of priority in reaching the pole now absorbs attention in this country and Europe. That Peary will claim to be the first discoverer appears to be definitely assured from the following:

First—Formal announcement has been telegraphed from Indian Harbor, Labrador, to all principal American and geographical societies of all nations, including Japan and Brazil, specifically announcing that "the north pole was discovered April 6 by the Peary Arctic club expedition under command of Commander Peary.

Second—A London dispatch received from St. John's Newfoundland, states that Commander Peary claims that he was the first man to reach the north pole.

Aside from the question of priority, Commander Peary's announcement of reaching the pole appears to be accepted throughout the United States and the world at large by scientists as well as the general public, and there is an absence of the doubt and skepticism which greeted the Cook announcement. There is, however, apparent reserve of judgment on the question of priority between the two explorers.

Dr. Cook, in an interview at Copenhagen today says he is the "first to shout hurrah for Peary. If he has telegraphed an announcement that he has reached the pole, then it is true, and I congratulate him." Dr. Cook also states that he does not want any controversy.

No further word direct from Peary has been received today, nor can there be any further word from him until he reaches Chateau Bay, Labrador, tonight or tomorrow. The world continues to be stirred with excitement and admiration for the achievement by which America has solved the problem of centuries.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of decadent manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, learn what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3868 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

COOK GIVES HIGH PRAISE TO PEARY'S GREAT EXPLOIT

Polar Experts in Denmark Say Both Men Performed the Feat, but Believe Modest Doctor Was First to Win.

Copenhagen, Sept. 7.—"By going much farther to the east than I did, Commander Peary has cut out of the unknown an enormous space which, of course, will be vastly useful and scientifically interesting."

These were the words of Dr. Frederick A. Cook when he was told today of the receipt of despatches confirming the previous reports of Commander Peary's success in reaching the North Pole.

"I am the first to shout, 'Hurrah for Peary,'" the doctor continued. "If he has telegraphed an announcement that he reached the Pole, then it is true, and I congratulate him."

Asked whether Commander Peary was likely to have found traces of his progress over the polar seas, Dr. Cook replied: "No, he scarcely would have come across my tracks."

Dr. Cook then said: "I understand that a rumor is current about my having taken some of Peary's provisions at Etah. This is founded on Eskimo gossip and misunderstanding. I desire no controversy. I simply say in reply to any such assertion, 'no.' Commander Peary is a friend of mine."

Dr. Cook said also that according to his present plans he would reach New York September 20 or 21 on board the Scandinavian-American Line steamer Oscar II.

Have Faith in Peary.

The name of Peary is heard more frequently in Copenhagen today than that of Cook. Experts, the general public, and the newspapers accept Commander Pearys triumph as an unquestioned fact. While loyal to their belief in Dr. Cook, the people await the revelations to be made by the publication of his observations.

The opinions of scientists on Dr. Cook's achievement are of particular interest at the present time for the reason that the University of Copenhagen tomorrow will make Dr. Cook honorary professor of science, a greater distinction than the honorary degree which it was first proposed to confer upon him. Maurice F. Egan, the American minister to Denmark; Miss Egan and the German minister, Count Henckel, had luncheon with Dr. Cook at the Hotel Angleterre today. This afternoon Mr. Egan gave a reception to the diplomatic corps to meet Dr. Cook.

A steamer with 400 English tourists on board arrived here this morning from England. The program was to take the travelers on an excursion into the country, but the entire party remained in Copenhagen for the purpose of seeing Dr. Cook. They filled the corridors of the hotel, eager to catch sight of the famous American.

Says Cook Was First.

No one was more interested in Commander Peary's announcement than Commodore Hovgaard, who is an authority on Arctic exploration.

"I said to Dr. Cook, when I heard the news," the commodore declared, "'you, at all events, were the first to reach the pole,' and there you have my opinion briefly. I think that in justice to Dr. Cook we should remember he got there first. He selected what seems to have been the best route."

"How long aftr Dr. Cook reached the pole, do you think, Commander Peary arrived there?" the commodore was asked.

"Probably a year, but perhaps only six months," he replied.

"Could Peary have learned at the pole that Cook had been there before him?"

"This seems impossible. Even if Peary was there two weeks or two days after Dr. Cook he might not have found any track of the first party, because of the movement of the drift ice. It is probable also that the moving ice took away the metal box Cook left at the pole."

Commodore Horgaard thought it probable that the north pole was a place which could not be permanently marked, and in conclusion he said that it had been a real race between Cook and Peary to get to the pole first and to be the first to return.

ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE CREDIT.

New York, Sept. 7.—Several minor news gathering associations today are attempting to steal the credit of the receipt of Commander Peary's telegram, "Stars and Stripes nailed to the Pole." As a matter of record that telegram was sent to but two points, the Associated Press, in New York, and Reuter's agency, which is the Associated Press news affiliation in London.

One minor news organization known as the United Press, copied this telegram bodily as addressed to itself, and is using it today in several unimportant newspapers in inland cities. Commander Peary may be asked to expose this deliberate news steal when he returns to New York.

EXPLORER HAS PROOF THAT COOK CLIMBED MT. M'KINLEY

New York, Sept. 7.—The opinions of most of the critics who have inclined to doubt Dr. Frederick A. Cook's claim to having discovered the north pole were based on his assertion that he had ascended Mount McKinley, an assertion which is now fortified, if not proved, by Captain Jseph H. Herron, of the United States army. Captain Herron is more intimately acquainted with the facts of the Mount McKinley expedition than anyone not actually concerned in it.

Captain Herron, who is now adjutant at the West Point Military Academy, has come actively to the defense of Dr. Cook and declares that after a most searching investigation he is able to verify completely the Brooklyn explorer's claim that he had reached the summit of the great mountain.

Captain Herron is the young army engineer who, as head of a small party explored the Alaskan mountains and discovered the direct overland route to the Yukon gold fields through Simpson Pass. This had the effect of opening the gold fields to the commerce of the world and has been rated as a remarkable achievement.

Captain Herron, who is the discoverer of Mount Foraker, which ranges next to Mount McKinley in that range, was such an acknowledged authority on the region that his advice was sought by Dr. Cook when preparing for the McKinley expedition. Dr. Cook and Captain Herron went over the maps together and discussed every question connected with the attempt.

After his return, when his word was in question, Dr. Cook came again to Captain Herron, and, as the captain said today, gave his descriptions of what he saw and what he encountered and furnished data which thoroughly convinced Captain Herron that he spoke the truth when he said he had reached the summit.

Brooklyn is preparing a demonstration on the return of its distinguished son from his conquest from the North, and as Dr. Cook has shipped most of his data containing his observations to this country, it is probable that he proposes to honor Brooklyn by submitting to the world from there the proofs of his achievements.

The data and instruments with which the observations were made before and after reaching the north pole are now on the way to the city in the custody of Harry Whitney, the Brooklyn friend of Dr. Cook, to whom they were turned over when the explorer retrned to Greenland. From this fact it is apparent that Dr. Cook proposes to submit his proofs to a scientific jury of Americans familiar with polar exploration.

In Copenhagen Dr. Cook was requested to submit his data, as a number of scientists had declared an accurate astronomer and geographer would require but a half hour's time to determine if he had really reached the north pole. In reply to this request Dr. Cook revealed the fact that he had shipped all of his data and the instruments to New York, and that the proofs of his claim would e submitted to the world from here as soon as he arrived.

GLORY ENOUGH FOR BOTH IS MRS. COOK'S VIEW

Portland, Me., Sept. 7.—Breaking her long silence, Mrs. Frederick A. Cook, whose husband's claims of having discovered the North Pole antedate those of Commander Robert E. Peary, commented today on the reports of Commander Peary having reached the goal of his ambition.

Mrs. Cook said: "If Commander Peary has discovered the pole, as I am sure my husband has, I heartily congratulate him."

The New York dispatch stating that Rudolph Francke had brought to her a diary from her husband at Etah, which Mrs. Cook had transcribed and which would go far towards proving her husband's claims to the discovery of the pole, was denied by the wife of the explorer. Mrs. Cook stated that Francke had merely brought Dr. Cook's trunk from Etah and that she knew nothing of its contents. Mrs. Cook said that as yet she had made no arrangements for meeting her husband and was undecided as to when she would leave Portland.

PEARY'S RECORD.

Commander Peary has stood in the foremost ranks of Arctic explorers for nearly two decades.

His first polar experience was acquired in 1886, when he made a reconnaisance of the Greenland inland ice.

In June, 1891, he sailed from New York on the Kite, making his headquarters at McCormick Bay, on the west coast of Greenland, penetrated as far north as latitude 82.

In 1894-95 he reached the 78th parallel on the west Greenland coast.

In 1898-99 he went to between the 79th and 80th parallels on the east coast of Ellesmereland.

In 1900 he reached the 82nd parallel on the east coast of Grinnell land.

In 1905-06 he skirted the north coast of Grinnell land and made an attack on the pole from Cape Moss. This was the expedition which reached what was at that time "Farthest North."

GREAT UPHEAVAL IN JAVA

Hundreds Die in Volcanic Eruption Followed by Earthquake.

The Hague, Sept. 3.—Dispatches received her report an eruption of the volcano Smeru, Java, causing great havoc, and a terrible earthkuake, with hundreds of fatalities in the Besoukf district.

TORTURE OF MOORS TO CEASE

Mulai Hafid Promises French to End Cruelties.

Tangier, Morocco, Sept. 3.—Mulai Hafid, the sultan of Morocco, has promised the French consulate at Fez that he will cause to be discontinued the cruel tortures such as recently were inflicted by his soldiers upon rebellious Moors, who were led captive into Fez.

"IT'S BEEN FOUND, ANYWAY," SAYS LIEUT. SHACKLETON

London, Sept. 7.—"The honor of planting the national flag at the north pole undoubtedly belongs to America," Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton, the English explorer who recently led an expedition into the Antarctic regions, said today.

"The news within a week," he continued, "that two men have reached the pole is an extraordinary coincidence. We all expected to hear of Commander Peary's arrival some time during the month, and we sincerely hoped that the result of his years of effort and struggle would be crowned with success.

"Peary undoubtedly got to the pole; between him and Dr. Cook the pole certainly has been reached. It is said that Peary reached the goal April 6, 1909. It will be interesting to know the date he left his base to go to the Polar sea and his rate of travel northwards. In the eyes of the world, to clear up the question whether such distances as claimed by Cook can be covered. The ice conditions around Peary's camp in 1908 should approximate somewhat the conditions observed by Cook."

The question of the ownership of the land of the north pole is to come up in the house of commons. Sir George Parker has given notice of his intention of asking Premier Asquith whether this territory is not considered as belonging to Canada, and if Dr. Cook has planted the American flag there, whether or not this act gives the United States any right of possession over the region.

BRIEF DISPATCHES TOLD STORY TO THE WONDERING WORLD

It was a series of brief but startling dispatches that came to America yesterday announcing that a second American had reached the North Pole. The messages that flashed over the wires were the following:

New York, Sept. 6.—The following dispatch was received her today:

Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray, N. F., Sept. 6.—"To Associated Press, New York: Stars and stripes nailed to North Pole. PEARY."

New York, Sept. 6.—A telegram was received here today for Herbert L. Bridgman, secretary of the Arctic Club of America. It read as follows:

"Herbert L. Bridgman, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Pole reached. Roosevelt safe. PEARY."

London, Sept. 6.—The Reuter Telegram company has received the following message, dated Indian Harbor, Labrador, via wireless telegraphy to Cape Ray, N. F.:

"Stars and stripes nailed to North Pole. PEARY."

St. John's, N. F., Sept. 6.—Commodore Peary has just telegraphed the governor of Newfoundland by wireless from Indian Harbor, Labrador, announcing his discovery of the North Pole, and congratulating Newfoundland on its part in this discovery, seeing that the captain and crew of Peary's steamer are Newfoundlanders.

New York, Sept. 6.—Commander Peary announces April 6 as the date of his reaching the North Pole in a dispatch to the New York Times, reading as follows:

"Indian Harbor, via Cape Ray, N. F., Sept. 6.

"To the New York Times, New York: 'I have the pole April 6.. Expect arrive Chateau Bay September 7. Secure control wire for me there and arrange expedite transmission big story. PEARY."

The date Peary refers to is April of the present year, although not stated in the dispatch, as his expedition to the pole did not leave until July, 1908.

South Harpswell, Me., Sept. 6.—Commodore Robert E. Peary announced his success in discovering the North Pole to his wife, who is summering at Eagle Island here, as follows:

"Indian Harbor, Via Cape Ray, Sept. 6, 1909.

"Mrs. R. E. Peary, South Harpswell, Me. "Have made good at last. I have the old pole. Am well. Love. Will wire again from Chateau. "BERT."

In replying, Mrs. Peary senr the following dispatch:

"South Harpswell, Me., Sept. 6, 1909. "Commander R. E. Peary, Steamer Roosevelt, Chauteau Bay:

"Am well. Best love. God bless you. Hurry home. JO."

Freport, Me., Sept. 6.—Confirmation of Peary's sucess was received here today in a cablegram from D. B. McMillan, who accompanied Peary. The message was sent to McMillan's sister, Mrs. W. C. Fogg, the local postmistress, follows:

"Indian Harbor, Sept. 6, 1909. "Mrs. W. C. Fogg, Freeport, Me.:

"Arrived safe. Pole on board. Best year of my life. BEN."

First word of Peary's success reached New York at 12:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon in a dispatch to the Associated Press. It contained the bare announcement of his finding the pole. Almost simultaneously he had transmitted the news to London, repeating dramatically and simply: "Stars and Stripes nailed to the North Pole." At the same time he similarly advised the governor of Newfoundland.

Both the old and the new world were thus apprised of his great achievement practically at the same moment, and the excitement which followed attests to the high pitch of interest aroused over this climax of man's perseverance. Newspaper extras were rushed from the press and those who read marveled at the twist of the universe which had snatched the ice mass from the north in so strange a manner.

Like Dr. Cook's first message, Peary's was tantalizing in its briefness, and the waiting public, stimulated by Cook's success, was left unsatiated. For, as did Dr. Cook, Peary resumed his homeward voyage immediately after filing the curt news of discovery.

SUN FINDS A FEW FLAWS IN STORY TOLD BY COOK

New York, Sept. 7.—The New York Sun, in an editorial printed in Sunday's paper, points out what it considers some weak points in Dr. Cook's claim that he reached the North Pole.

"A generous disposition," says the Sun, "is shown everywhere to accept Dr. Cok's claim to have attained the pole, as set forth in his dispatch to the Herald, and there is nowhere manifested a disposition to withhold from that excellent journal the credit for its characteristic enterprise. We trust sincerely that the explorer, now that he has returned to civilization, will make plain to men of science and of experience that his narrative is sound and that he is amply fortified with the material of corroboration. That an American should have reached the great goal is as natural as it is gratifying, but it would be deplorable that an American should have entered a claim to the achievement which he was unable to substantiate.

The difficulties which confront Dr. Cook are perhaps serious. The dispatch published in the Herald is unconvincing. It does not seem to possess the intrinsic quality that should be inseparable from the narrative of a man who had actually undergone the experience which it is sought to set forth. That this may be explained away by the circumstances under which it was written, or by the conditions of transmission, or by temperamental considerations on the part of the writer, will be determined later. That Dr. Cook will at once address himself to this imperative duty there can be no matter of doubt.

"The objections raised by persons conversant with the limitations of Arctic travel that Dr. Cook's assertion that he accomplished within a fraction of 15 miles a day cannot be true is of serious weight. But it is within the bounds of possibility, and he may be able to present evidence to that effect. It is apparently the conviction of students of Arctic exploration that Dr. Cook's claim hangs upon this point.

"Various other features of Dr. Cook's story as published in the Herald are exceedingly disturbing, but it is quite posible that he may explain them to the conviction of his critics. His physical condition and the intellectual vicissitudes naturally attachable to the hardships and privations he underwent may account for much in his narrative that otherwise does not explain itself. Every allowance will evidently be made for him; for, so far, the element of jealousy, whether national or professional, has not anywhere revealed itself.

"We deem it an unfortunater cicumstance that a previous achievement of Dr. Cook's, the ascent of Mount McKinle, was effected under conditions which were not dissimilar to those incidental to his latese feat. That is to say, he ascended the mountain unaccompanied. Geographers and men of science have been disinclined to credit him with the performance, and we regret to say that Mount McKinley is today "officially" an unconquered peak. Of course, Dr. Cook was attended on his polar expedition by natives, but no once has ever thought these primitive people "competent" in respect of scientific testimony.

"If Dr. Cook's journal, diary or scientific record, coupled with the nature and quality of his observations, fails to give irrefutable vitality to the detail of his claim he must take his well earned place in the ranks of an unfortunately too numerous class of explorers. It will thus be recognized that the pole, like Mount McKinley, is still virgin ground.

"We would give a great deal that we had been with Dr. Cook on top of Mount McKinley. It might have agreed with us but indifferently, but the fact, however humble and inconsequential, would today stand Dr. Cook in wonderful stead."

DREAM REALIZED AT WORLD'S TOP

New York, Sept. 7.—In reaching the north pole, Commander Robert Edwen Peary has achieved the ambition of a lifetime. As a boy his day dreams were of an unexplored land far to the northward, and such printed matter concerning the polar regions as fell into his hands was read with absorbed interest.

He was born at Cresson, Pa., May 6, 1858, but in his early youth, the family removed to Maine, where he received his education. His parents, Charles N. and Mary (Wiley) Peary, saw to it that he received an early training befitting a life which promised to be fulfilled with wholesome activity.

Instructed first in private schools, he subsequently entered Bowdoin college, from which he was graduated with the class of 1877. Throughout his college career and in the years following, he made a close study of Arctic exploration, the peculiar fascination which the subject held for him deepening as he matured. As a means of a livelihood he adopted the profession of civil engineer, entering the United States navy in that capacity October 20, 1881. Three years later he was appointed an assistant engineer on the board which surveyed the route of the Nicaragua ship canal.

Began Search in 1886.

In these years his interest in the mysterious north had not abated, and in 1886 he applied for a leave of absence from the navy, which was granted, and in July of the same year he began what proved to be the first of seven expeditions to the north, all attended with hardship and some of them with actual suffering and want, but persevered in with a tenacity of purpose that challenged the admiration of the world and finally brought him unstincted fame.

Beyond the daring of his exploits, Peary's expeditions have had a scientific and geographical usefulness that has been generally recognized and he has won the medals of the Royal Georgraphical society of London and the Scottish Geographical society, honors never accorded in equal number to any other American.

In the navy he won the title of "commander" and the government has recognized the value of his explorations by granting him repeated leaves of absence. In 1900 he was made president of the American Geographical society and is a member of many other kindred bodies.

Commander Peary's domestic life has been so happy that enforced absence from his family has been one of the greatest hardships of his adventures. In 1888, two years after the return from his first visit to Greenland, he married Miss Josephine Diebitsch, who, from the day of their union, has given his ambitions her unselfish sympathy and co-operation.

Born in Arctic Circle.

In fact, Mrs. Peary has upon different occasions accompanied her husband for a considerable distance northward, and upon one of the trips a daughter was born to them. This child, who always has been called by her father "the snow maiden," held for a time a notoriety rivaling that of the commander, as the only white child known to have been born within the Arctic circle.

In 1902, after Peary had been absent four years and hope of his survival had been abandoned by many, Mrs. Peary accompanied a relief expedition which met and brought him home.

It is at this point in his history one finds the first note of discouragement. The absence from his family has borne heavily upon the explorer and on his return to New York he declared that the trip just concluded to the Arctic seas was undoubtedly his last.

Asked to what he attributed his failure at that time, Commander Peary said:

"It was a matter of funds. In order to be successful one must be provided with funds to enable him to go as far as possible and then be able to wait there until the season and other circumstances allow him to proceed."

When asked if he would try again he replied:

"Undoubtedly I have made my last attempt. My time is up and I am going back to my work in the navy."

He Tries It Again.

However, the polar wanderfest again gripped him and his work was continued. Moreover, the funds were forthcoming when needed and his last and successful expedition was better equipped than those which preceded it.

With no hint of his plans for the future, some of Peary's friends nevertheless believe he will soon pine for new worlds to conquer and that a south pole expedition may be anticipated. In fact, it was announced more than a year ago that Peary had planned a national American expedition for the exploration of the south polar regions. It was said then that it was not his intention to accompany such an expedition and that his interest was only in getting it under way, but those who know him best would not be surprised to see him start southward with the same determination and promise of success as attended him in the north. Mrs. Peary and her children are now in Maine and recently Mrs. Peary expressed her belief in the success of the present expedition.

In the intervals between expeditions Commander Peary has lectured frequently and also has written several books of scientific and geographical value.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 7.—Toledo cash wheat opened ⅜c advanced at $1.09. December was ¼c up at the same price and May started ¼c higher at $1.09½. While receipts were heavy in the northwest, they were not equal to last year's. Cables up till midday were a shade lower, Liverpool being influenced largely by liberal world's shipments. Showers were predicted for all states excepting Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Heavy frosts are expected in Northern Michigan. Selling interests expect an increased spring wheat movement to reduce the price in the next week or two. Quality of wheat received in Toledo today snows improvement.

Primary receipts were somewhat lighter than a year ago, but heavier than last week's. Wheat eased off a trifle shortly after midday on selling of December by Armour. Trade was quiet most of the day. Cash and September closed ½c up at $1.08¾. December ¼c off at $1.08½, May unchanged at $1.09¼. Liverpool closed unchanged at ½d lower.

With the Misouri report bullish and predictions that the government figures tomorrow will snow a decline in condition, corn showed strength. September opened ¼c up at 71¾c, December ¼c advanced at 58¾c and May ½c up at 60½c.

Closing values in corn: Cash 71½c, September 71¼c, December 58¾c, May 60¼c.

Oats opened about steady. There were few features to the market. September at the outset was quoted at 39¼c, December at 40⅜c and May at 42⅝c.

Final oats figures: Cash and September 39c, December 40⅜c, May 42⅜c.

Clover seed displayed a hard tone and higher prices on the call. October opened 5c up at $7.70, December 7½c up at $7.67½ and March 2½c higher at $7.67½.

Cash clover seed closed 20c up at $7.40, October 10c up at $7.65, December 12½c higher at $7.72½ and March 7½c up at $7.72½.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Sept. 7.	Close Sept. 4.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.09	....	....	1.08¾	1.08⅝
Sept	1.09	1.09½	....	1.08¾	1.08⅝
Dec	1.09	1.09¼	....	1.08¾	1.08⅝
May	1.09½	1.09⅝	....	1.09¼	1.09¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	71½	71½
Sept	71⅜	....	71	71¼	71½
Dec	58⅝	....	....	58⅝	58½
May	60¼	....	....	60¼	60
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	39	39¼
Sept	39¼	....	....	39	39¼
Dec	40⅛	40¾	....	40½	40¾
May	42⅜	....	42⅜	42⅜	42⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	7.40	7.20
Oct	7.70	....	....	7.75	7.65
Dec	7.67½	....	....	7.72½	7.60
March	7.67½	....	....	7.72½	7.65
No. 2	....	....	....	7.05	....
No. 3	....	....	....	6.90	....
Rejected	....	....	....	6.70	....
N. E. G.	....	....	....	6.00	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	69	69
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.70	7.70

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	98⅝	99⅝	98⅞	98⅞	98⅝
Dec	94¼	94⅝	93⅝	94⅛	94¼
May	97⅞	98	97⅝	97⅞	97¾
Corn—					
Sept	66¼	66⅝	66	66¼	66½
Dec	57⅛	57⅝	....	57⅝	57½
May	58⅝	59¼	....	59	58⅝
Oats—					
Sept	38¼	38⅝	38⅛	38¼	38⅝
Dec	38	38⅛	37⅝	37⅞	38
May	40½	40⅝	40¼	40½	40½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.07½	....	1.06½	....	....
Dec	1.02½	....	1.02¼	....	....
Corn—					
Sept	75¾	....	....	75¾	....
Dec	67¼	....	....	67¼	....

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.00	1.00½	....	1.01	1.00
Dec	96¼	96½	....	96¾	96

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	....	94¾
Dec	....	....	....	....	93½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	....	95¾
Dec	....	....	....	....	93¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept	22.95	....	....	23.05	22.90
Jan	17.90	17.92	17.85	17.82	17.85
Lard—					
Sept	12.32	....	....	12.30	12.27
Nov	11.95	....	....	11.87	11.90
Jan	10.67	....	....	10.62	10.62
Ribs—					
Sept	11.67	....	....	11.67	11.65
Nov	9.47	....	....	9.42	9.42

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 7.—Receipts of hogs were light and the market opened strong. Packers were the leading buyers. Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves were steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.50@8.60; mediums, $8.45@8.55; heavy Yorkers, $8.40@8.45; light Yorkers, $8.00@8.10; mixed, $8.45@8.50; bulk of sales, $8.45@8.50; good pigs, $7.90@8.00; common lights, $7.50; stags and roughs, $5.50 @7.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.25; good to choice, $5.00@6.00; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.25@5.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,200 lbs., $5.00@5.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.25@4.75; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.50; canners and cutters, $1.50@2.00; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bolognas, $2.50@ 3.50; common, $2.50@3.00; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.00@4.40; fair to good feeders, $3.50@4.00; stockers, good to choice, $3.50@3.75; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@ 3.50; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.80@5.00; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $3.00@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.00.

Calves—Veals, choice to extra, $8.50@9.00; fair to good, $7.50@8.25; common to light, $5.50 @7.00; heavy and pail-fed, $4.00@6.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 7,000; market weak to 10c lower. Beeves, $4.15@5.00; Texas steers, $4.15@5.30; western steers, $4.25@6.30; stockers and feeders, $3.15@ 5.00; cows and heifers, $2.25@6.20; calves, $6.50@8.75. Hogs, receipts estimated at 9,000; market strong to 5c higher. Light, $7.90@ 8.37½; mixed, $7.70@8.40; heavy, $7.50@8.40; rough, $7.45@7.70; good to choice heavy, $7.70@ 8.40; pigs, $7.20@8.10; bulk of sales, $7.95@ 8.25. Sheep, receipts estimated at 28,000; market weak to 10c lower. Native, $2.75@4.90; western, $3.00@4.80; yearlings, $4.50@5.40; lambs, native, $4.40@7.65; western, $4.50@5.60.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 5 cars, steady. Hogs, 20 cars, strong. Heavy, $8.80; Yorkers, $8.40@8.70; pigs, $8.00. Sheep, 10 cars, strong. Best lambs, $8.00; yearlings, $5.00 @5.60; wethers, $4.75@5.00; ewes, $4.25@4.60. Calves, $4.50@4.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Sept. 7.—(By Bower & Bower.) —Hog receipts 20 cars, market strong. Yorkers and mediums $8.45; pigs & lights $7.75@8. Cattle 3 cars, steady. Sheep and lambs 4 cars, steady.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 7.—(By Daily Live Stock Journal.)—Hog receipts, 1,000; market steady; heavies and heavy mixed, $8.55@ 8.60; mediums, $8.40@8.55; Yorkers, $8.35@ 8.50; lights, $8@8.20; pigs, $7.65@8. Sheep receipts 300; market steady; lambs $4@7.50; sheep, $3@5. Calf receipts light; market steady; best natives, $9.50.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 7.—(Wall street.)—Reports of E. H. Harriman's relapse caused great unsettlement in the opening stock market, which centered in the stocks most closely connected with his name. Sales were not notably heavy, but the fall in prices was violent. The first quotation in Union Pacific was of 6,800 shares at 197¼ and 198;, compared with 202¾ on Friday last, an extreme drop of 5½ points. Southern Pacific ran off 3⅝ on sales of small amounts and New York Central lost 3¼. In Reading the liquidation was heavy at a decline of 2⅝. In other active speculative stocks there were many declines running from 1 to 1¾. Supporting orders made themselves effective immediately and rallies of a fraction to 1¾, the latter in Union Pacific, were shown within a few minutes.

After a rally which carried Union Pacific and 1 to 1¼ in Southern Pacific, Reading and New York Central, the market weakened again, but did not react to its previous low prices. The general list did not show much sympathy with the rally and became quiet with a few weak spots cropping out.

The second hour's business was in very small volume and prices fluctuated within a compass of a fraction. The uncertainty was uncertain and Mr. Harriman's health was almost the sole topic discussed. Bonds were irregular.

Prices came back generally to the opening low level and some stocks made new low prices in the selling movement that began after 12 o'clock. There was no decided increase in the volume of selling, but prices yielded easily. Illinois Central dropped 3½, Canadian Pacific 2¼ and St. Paul and Atchison 2. Support developed for Erie, after it had lost a point and it made a full recovery.

New York Stocks.

New York, Sept. 7.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.
Am. Loco. com	58½	59	58
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	126½	126½	125
Atchison	118⅝	119	118
Am. Car & F. Co.	67⅝	67⅝	66
Anaconda	47¾	48	47
Amal. Copper	89¼	89¾	88
Am. Smelters	99	99	98
Am. Woolen Co.	30	30	29
Alton com